



TINYKIN'S TRANSFORMATIONS.

BY
MARK LEMON.



CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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TINYKIN'S
TRANSFORMATIONS.





“TWO BEAUTIFUL CREATURES SEATED THEMSELVES UPON THE ROCK, AND TINYKIN WAS MORTIFIED TO FIND THAT HE WAS COMPELLED TO ADMIRE AT A DISTANCE.”—Page 58.

Frontispiece.

TINYKIN'S TRANSFORMATIONS.

A Child's Story.

BY

MARK LEMON,

AUTHOR OF "THE ENCHANTED DOLL," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GREEN.

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THIS
LITTLE BOOK

Is Dedicated

TO

ALICE

LESLIE

DAISY

MARK

ETHEL

AND RALPH

BY THEIR

GRANDFATHER.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



PART ONE.

	PAGE
INITIAL LETTER	I
"TITANIA THEN ORDERED HER CHIEF CARPENTER TO SET HIS STAFF TO WORK TO PARTLY SAW THROUGH THE HAFTS OF THE AXES"	8
"TITANIA'S PEOPLE CAUGHT THE CHIPS AND HURLED THEM ABOUT THE EARS OF THE CHIEF VERDERER" .	9
"TINYKIN EATING HIS BREAKFAST"	16
"O BIRD! HOW I WISH I COULD SING LIKE YOU" . .	18
"TITANIA KISSED THE BOY'S FOREHEAD, AND WHEN SHE REMOVED HER LIPS, THERE WAS LEFT A SMALL RED SPOT LIKE A ROSE-LEAF UPON IT"	20
"TINYKIN DARTED UPON HIM"	23
"THE HAWK FOLLOWED"	25
"MARGERY THREW HER ARMS AROUND HER HUSBAND'S NECK"	28
"TITANIA HELD OUT HER SMALL ARM FOR TINYKIN TO PERCH UPON"	32
"THE PAIN RETURNED INTO HIS ELBOW"	34

PART TWO.

	PAGE
INITIAL LETTER	35
"HE DARTED THROUGH THE BRIGHT WATERS"	42
"THE BARON'S CASTLE"	46
"THESE GUARDS WERE TERRIBLE CREATURES, LIKE LOBSTERS"	48
"TWO BEAUTIFUL CREATURES SEATED THEMSELVES UPON THE ROCK, AND TINYKIN WAS MORTIFIED TO FIND THAT HE WAS COMPELLED TO ADMIRE AT A DISTANCE"	58
"HE DASHED PAST THE PIKE, AND THE FEROCIOUS FELLOW INSTANTLY GAVE CHASE"	61
"SHE HAD RETURNED IN TIME TO GET HER HUSBAND'S BREAKFAST"	64
"SHE MOISTENED THE OATEN BREAD IN THE CLEAR WATER, AND THEN HER BOY ATE OF IT"	66
"THOMAS RUBBED HIS BEARD"	67

PART THREE.

INITIAL LETTER	68
"HE FASHIONED HIM A CROSS-BOW"	71
"THE BOY SOON BECAME EXPERT"	76
"THE FAIRIES DANCING IN A RING AROUND THEIR BELOVED QUEEN"	80

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

ix

	PAGE
" IN AN INSTANT, TINYKIN WAS SURROUNDED BY MYRIADS OF SMALL GNATS "	81
" INSTANTLY, A MILK-WHITE DOE WAS SEEN IN THE GLADE, AND AT HER SIDE A DAPPLED FAWN " . . .	84
" THE BATTLE OVER "	94
" KING HORSA AND HIS COURTIER," ETC.	98
" MARGERY HASTENED TO THE SPRING "	105

PART FOUR.

INITIAL LETTER	107
" POOR MARGERY HAD A SHARP BOX ON THE EAR " . . .	109
" HE NEVER FAILED TO BEAT HIM "	112
" THE ATTENDANT WAS FOUND LYING SENSELESS AT THE FOOT OF A TREE "	113
" THOMAS SHUT UP IN A DUNGEON "	115
" BEATING FLAKES OF GOLD "	123
" TINYKIN IMPELLED FORWARD BY CERTAIN SHARP POINTS "	124
" THE FACES OF THE GNOMES WERE VERY UGLY " . . .	125
" HIS MAJESTY COULD NOT BE MISTAKEN "	128
" THE KING AND THE CHAMBERLAIN "	131
" TINYKIN SAW LYING ON A COUCH THE SLEEPING FORM OF A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL "	132
" SYCORAX TRANSFORMS HERSELF INTO A TREE " . . .	135

PART FIVE.

	PAGE
INITIAL LETTER	144
"SYCORAX, LIKE A BLACK CLOUD"	148
"ZUBERGHAL LAUGHED ALOUD"	152
"TINYKIN ROLLED INTO THE RIVER"	155
"BANQUETING TABLES"	158
"STRAINS OF PECULIAR MUSIC, AND ACCOMPLISHED DANCERS"	159
"HE COMMANDED THE PINK MOLE INTO HIS PRESENCE"	161
"THE ELFIN HORSE DRINKING AT THE COLD STREAM" .	166
"WITH A BOUND SHE LEAPED OVER THE STREAM" .	173
"WITH THE HILT OF HIS SWORD, TINYKIN STRUCK THREE HARD BLOWS"	175
"FOR A TIME THE GNARLED MASS RESISTED THE AXES"	177
"ULUF DREW NEARER TO THE KING"	181
"FAIRY BELLS OF THE FOXGLOVE"	183

TINYKIN'S TRANSFORMATIONS.



PART ONE.



WHEN good King Horsa was Lord of the West Saxons, the Fairies were at the height of their power, and there was scarcely a pleasant glade or mountain side where the dark green rings, which

mark their dancing-grounds, were not to be found. One of their favourite haunts was in Tilgate Forest, which had hitherto been left in its primeval solitude, undisturbed by the presence of man. Nearly in the midst of the forest there was a beautiful glade, through whose centre flowed a clear, sweet-voiced stream, that, through the summer time, made low and soothing music, that seemed a hymn of thankfulness. The fish that swam to and fro within its waters had scales of silver and gold, some of them enamelled with purple, and green, and scarlet, that flashed in the sun, when, in the excess of their enjoyment, the fish sprang upwards into the air. The grass in the glade was as short, and close, as the richest velvet, and when the sweet white clover, the yellow primrose, the tufted vetch, and our Lady's mantle, the star-eyed daisy, and the flowering heath, were

in full bloom, no embroidery worked by the most skilful hand could equal them in beauty. The glade was surrounded by stately beech trees of tremendous girth, covered with silver bark, and their bright green leaves glittered in the sunlight, when the wind sported with them. The roots of one of these stately trees were more gnarled and fantastic than the rest, and those who could discern fairies and fairy work—such as Sunday children*—would have seen that the moss had so grown as to form a sort of throne or royal couch, whereon Titania, the Fairy Queen, often reposed herself. And well she might prefer this glade to any other in the old forest, as the water of the stream was so sweet and agreeable, that all the song birds came there to drink, and never flew back to their homes

* Children born on a Sunday were said to have the power of seeing fairies.

in the trees without first singing their thanks to the rivulet. There also came the beautiful deer—the antlered hart, the meek-eyed doe, and the lithe, sportive fawn—to slake their thirst, when the noonday sun had made the air of the shade, even, hot and oppressive.

The beauty of the glade was changed when winter came, and the hoar frost powdered the green turf with diamonds, and made the great beeches seem like trees of silver; or the pure white snow spread a coverlid of down over the surface of the glade, whilst the branches of the trees assumed a thousand fantastic forms. The little stream still flowed and sung, until the black frost came and bridged it over with a covering of ice, which would not let its soothing voice be heard—although it was not silent—even if the fairies had been there to listen. But they are away, some sleeping through

the winter-time in hollow trees, or in little caverns
made by the mole and field-mouse. Some have
taken flight

“To realms more fair, and skies more bright,”

until the time of year when

“bright April showers
Will bid again the fresh green leaves expand,
And May, light floating in a cloud of flowers,
Will cause earth to rebloom with magic hand.”*

That time returned in due season, and the
glade was restored to Titania and her fairy court.
The song birds came again to welcome her, ming-
ling their melody with the murmuring of the
rivulet.

And there were other sounds never heard
before in that peaceful glade. They were heard

* Robert Millhouse.

at early morn, and throughout the day. Dull heavy sounds, followed by a loud crash and shouts of men !

Titania guessed their meaning.

The woodman's axe was at work, felling down trees still covered with verdure, and the old forest was to be at peace no more. The Fairy Queen ordered Swiftwing, her Lord Chamberlain, to learn immediately if she had conjectured rightly ; and that distinguished courtier, attended by a detachment of light horse, proceeded instantly in the direction of the hideous sounds, and soon returned with the unwelcome tidings, that a number of woodmen, under the direction of one of the King's Verderers, were clearing divers rides through the forest : a sad intimation that it was his Majesty's intention to hunt in the forest of Tilgate.

Titania, though very lovely and good-natured at times, had the proverbial malice of the fairy race, and she resolved at once to put the invaders to all the inconvenience that she could devise.

By her magic power, therefore, she called forth vast legions of gnats, which flew about the heads of the woodmen and nearly blinded them; but a rebellious fairy, named Monkshood, sent a hundred night-hawks, and a thousand swallows, who soon put those gnats to flight that they did not devour.

When night came, the woodmen went to their huts made of boughs, and, having had their suppers, were soon sound asleep. Titania then ordered her Chief Carpenter to set his staff to work to partly saw through the hafts of the axes of the men, so that, when they resumed work in

the morning, the handles broke at the first stroke, and the work was delayed until fresh tools could be supplied.



“Titania then ordered her Chief Carpenter to set his staff to work to partly saw through the hafts of the axes.”

When the woodmen went to work again, Titania's people caught the chips that flew in all directions, and hurled them about the ears of the Chief Verderer, who was so annoyed and perplexed, that

he sought shelter in the lodge which had been built for himself and his family. Thither Titania



"Titania's people caught the chips and hurled them about the ears
of the Chief Verderer."

followed him, and assuming the appearance of an old woman, pretended that she had lost her way in the forest, intending to play him some prank should he bid her into his lodge, as she could not

enter without an invitation, a horse-shoe being nailed on the lintel of the door, and this potent spell against her intrusion she was compelled to obey.

The Verderer was made so cross by the treatment he had received, that he had not a good word for his wife, and, as she had a spirit of her own, she contrived to provoke him so much the more by her sharp words, that he took a strap, with which he used to couple his dogs together, intending to give his wife a good beating.

At this critical moment Titania arrived at the door of the lodge, and asked for leave to enter and rest herself.

"Aye, come in, good woman," said the Verderer's wife, "and see this coward beat the mother of his child!"

The Verderer's arm was raised, the strap was about to descend on his irritating helpmate, when Titania sent such a twinge into the fellow's elbow, that he was fain to drop his weapon and roar out with pain.

"What ails thee, master?" asked Titania, although she knew well enough the cause of his howling.

"My elbow! It's out of joint!" cried the Verderer.

"And serve thee right," said his wife, "for your evil intention toward me. Here, let's see what's the matter."

Margery, the Verderer's wife, was too used to family quarrels to bear any ill-will towards her husband, so she stripped off the man's leather jerkin and examined his elbow. After turning it about a short time, she found a long black thorn,

close to the funny-bone, and this she extracted by taking hold of it with her teeth.

But the removal of the thorn did not take away the pain, and the Verderer continued to moan piteously, until Titania pitied the poor fellow, and said :

“Hast thou a cobweb in the house?”

“No, woman, the lodge has not been built a week,” replied Margery.

“Hast thou a piece of white wheaten bread?”

“No, woman, our flour is never bolted—we can’t afford white bread,” replied Margery.

“Hast thou a stock fish, or the part of one?”

“Not we, woman. We ate the last on the feast of St. Hubert.”

At this moment, a little boy, between six and seven years old, ran into the cottage, but

stopped suddenly at the sight of the strange woman, and on hearing the horrible howling of his father.

The child was very beautiful. His large blue eyes, now opened to their full extent, seemed like two corn-flowers embedded in a mass of apple-blossom, so exquisitely mixed were the red and white of his plump little face! His hair was like gold-coloured silk—floss silk—so soft and light that a breath would stir it.

Titania's quick nature was instantly touched; she felt that she loved the child, and that, for his sake, all her enmity was at an end.

“Give me one hair from that sweet boy's head; I will bind it round his father's arm, and the pain will cease—”

Margery hesitated to comply with this request, but Thomas the Verderer ordered her to obey,

and no doubt but he would have cropped the boy as short as his own beard, to have been released from his suffering. "Come to thy mother, Tinykin!" said Margery, but the child was either too astonished or too frightened to move.

Margery therefore went to the boy, and drew one golden hair from his head. This she gave to the strange woman, who bound it round the Verderer's arm, and the pain ceased instantly.

"Many thanks, good dame," said the Verderer. "My wife hath no such skill as thou hast. Whence art thou?"

"From Fairy-land!" cried Tinykin; "I can see bright wings under her rags, and a pretty face through the wrinkled skin that covers it!"

"What's the brat mean?" asked Thomas.

"Hast forgotten?" exclaimed Margery. "I have not, if thou hast. The boy is a Sunday child, and can see the fairies."

Whilst the mother was speaking, the boy had run to the door, as Titania, finding she was discovered, had instantly taken flight.

"Yonder she goes! Yonder, over the tops of the trees," thought Tinykin. "O that I had wings as she has, and could fly as she does!"

The Verderer and his wife were both greatly frightened at the notion of having been in the presence of a fairy, the more especially as Thomas conjectured that his recent tribulations had proceeded from something he had done to displease "the good people," as the fairies were called.

Tinykin—whose real name was Uluf—dreamed

nearly all night of the fairies, and in the morning, as soon as he had eaten his breakfast of broth,



"Tinykin eating his breakfast."

went out in the direction that Titania had taken in her flight. Lying amongst the grass he saw something shining, which he picked up, and—had he known of such things—would have thought, no doubt, that he had found a diamond. It

was, however, but a small fragment of a shooting star, which the fairies knew how to gather before it reached the earth. Further on, he found another and another sparkler, until he had wandered some way into the forest. On looking back, he saw that the way he had come was closed up with underwood, but there was a path

before him green and fresh, and free from any obstruction, unless the patches of wild flowers could be considered impediments. Tinykin, half frightened, commenced running forward, and so continued until he arrived at the beautiful glade we have mentioned at the beginning of our story.

As Titania knew the boy's gift of discerning fairies, she and all her attendants kept themselves hidden behind the clusters of flowers and ferns, and there watched Tinykin's wonder and delight at the beautiful scene around him. Titania felt she loved him more and more every moment that she gazed upon the pretty boy, who had now thrown himself upon the grass, resting his blooming face between his hands, whilst he listened to the feathered songsters.

“O bird!” he said, half aloud, “how I wish I could sing like you! How I wish I could fly



“O bird! how I wish I could sing like you.”

with your wings, and play amongst the green leaves of those great beech trees!”

Titania could conceal herself no longer; so, assuming the shape of a little girl about the

same age as Tinykin, she stole gently to his side.

"What is it you are saying, Tinykin?" said Titania, in a voice as sweet as the bird's; "that you would like to be a bird?"

Tinykin looked up in surprise, his large blue eyes again opening to the full. He did not detect that Titania was a fairy then, as her face was towards him, and he could not see her filmy wings, then hidden beneath her little red cloak.

"Well, I was thinking I should like to be able to sing and fly like yonder pretty black ouzel — and I should, too," replied Tinykin, rather sharply.

"If you will let me kiss your forehead, you shall have your wish," said Titania, blushing as though she had been a mortal.

"That's not much to ask for," answered Tinykin,

springing up; "so kiss as often as you please, whether you perform your promise or not."

Titania kissed the boy's forehead, and when she removed her lips, there was left a small red spot like a rose-leaf upon it. The effect of the kiss upon Tinykin was to make his eyes feel full of sleep, and a delicious dreaminess to fill his brain, until he sank down upon the green turf. As he touched the grass, a fine young ouzel flew up from the spot, and made its way across the stream to the thicket.

Tinykin was a bird as he had wished to be, and, to his greater delight, the little maiden had changed also, to keep him company.

Tinykin tried his voice! It was in the finest order, and he sang such a brilliant roundelay that all the other birds became silent from envy. And then, accompanied by his bashful playfellow, he darted along the borders of the brook, flashing his



"TITANIA KISSED THE BOY'S FOREHEAD, AND WHEN SHE REMOVED HER LIPS, THERE WAS LEFT A SMALL RED SPOT LIKE A ROSE-LEAF UPON IT."—Page 20.

strong wings in the bright sunlight, and hiding himself among the green bushes in the forest.

After a time he was hungry, and thought he would fly home and get his dinner. He tried to put his resolution into practice, and found himself, not at his father's lodge, but perched beside a newly-made nest formed of mud and dried bents of grass. Yes, that was Tinykin's home now; but there was no cupboard, no savoury mess of hare or rabbit; so Tinykin began to look very miserable!

Titania laughed—not aloud, she could not do that—but knowing the cause of her poppet's distress, flew away for a few minutes, and returned with two great beetles, which she dropped into the nest. Tinykin never waited to say his Grace, but instantly pounced upon the beetles, swallowing one after the other as fast as he could. Now the beetles were alive when Tinykin made of them his dinner,

and his greediness was punished. Fancy how uncomfortable he must have been, when, as you might have seen by the heaving of his shining black bosom, his dinner was disagreeing with him !

As soon as the evening star appeared in the sky, Titania put a spell upon Tinykin, and, having seen him tumble half asleep into his nest, took her flight back to the glade, knowing that her darling boy would come in his bird shape to drink at the stream in the morning.

But though Titania had power to change Tinykin into a bird, she could not alter the instincts which he shared with his feathered companions in the forest. So when the first streak of morning was seen, and all the birds awoke from their slumber and began to plume their wings, Tinykin woke also, and arranged his pretty black suit according to ouzel fashion. Having, as it were, dressed him-

self for the day, he bethought him of breakfast, and flying to an open place in the forest, was soon lucky enough to see a fine, fat worm pop out his head from beneath a turf—to see how the day promised, no doubt—but before he could form an opinion, Tinykin darted upon him, and after some fruitless wriggling, the unfortunate lob went the way of the beetles.



“Tinykin darted upon him.”

Again, for a minute or two, Tinykin's sensations were not agreeable, as he opened his beak several times, and his black waistcoat seemed to be disturbed from within by the wriggling of the unfortunate lob-worm. As Titania expected, her

darling directed his flight to the stream in the glade, and was proceeding at a leisurely pace for a swift-winged ouzel, when he heard behind him a rushing sound of wings, and, turning his head, discovered that he was being pursued by a villanous hawk, in search of a breakfast. Instinct suggested increased speed of flight, and when that appeared to be useless, a sudden retreat into the thicket. The hawk followed a short distance into the bushes, but Tinykin had got the start, and at last his pursuer soared into the air, continuing, however, to make circles round the spot where Tinykin was sheltered.

Tinykin was so inexperienced a bird that he did not understand the tactics of the hawk, and so, after a time, he ventured forth into the open. The hawk saw him in a moment, and the chase was renewed. Tinykin was terribly frightened, and fear increased his powers of flight, but it is doubtful

whether he would have escaped a cruel death, had not his father's lodge been at hand, and into its open door he flew. The hawk followed, but before he could seize his prey, Margery, having her bucking-stick* in her hand, struck him his death blow, little thinking that she had saved her son, and for whose unaccountable absence she was then grieving.



"The hawk followed."

Tinykin was so grateful for his mother's timely

* Used in washing soiled linen.

rescue, that he allowed himself to be caught, and as Margery stroked her hand over his ruffled feathers, he put up his little beak to kiss her. She did not, however, understand the action, but grasping her captive somewhat rudely round the body, carried him away to a rough wicker-work cage, recently the prison of a very untidy magpie. Tinykin's heart beat quickly as he remembered the long captivity of the magpie, and how he had often fancied that the poor bird pressed itself against the bars of its prison as though he were longing to revisit the green woods again.

"Oh, if my dear Tinykin were but here!" cried Margery, the tears streaming from her eyes. "He would be pleased enow at having this pretty bird to tend and feed, as he used to with his magpie! Would that Thomas would come home! He has been in search of the boy since sunset yesterday."

Tinykin showed his great concern at what he heard by hopping about his cage—now on to his perch, now off again—whilst Margery walked up and down the room with her apron to her eyes, weeping bitterly.

“Oh, if he should be dead! If he has died of cold and fright in the forest, I shall never be happy again. For his sake I have borne the strap and hard words, but if my boy be taken from me, I can bear them no more!”

At this moment the Verderer came into the lodge, looking fatigued and sorrowful.

“Where's the boy, Thomas?” asked Margery, almost fearing the answer to her question.

“I know not,” replied Thomas, in a husky voice; “I'm afraid harm has come to him, as I have searched far and wide and can find no trace of him.”

"Then he's dead! he's dead!" cried Margery, until her tears choked her utterance.



"Margery threw her arms around her husband's neck."

"I trust not! I trust not!" said Thomas, drawing the back of his brown hand across his eyes; "I'd as lief be dead myself, I'm thinking."

"Oh, Thomas! dear Thomas!" and Margery

threw her arms around her husband's neck, and for a minute or so the two roared in concert.

Tinykin, being an ouzel, did not know how to cry, but he hopped about quicker than ever. He

had never thought that his parents loved him so dearly, especially his father, who had more than once made his back acquainted with a hazel rod. He now remembered how often he had been warned not to ramble in the forest, to which he and his parents had newly come, and justly considered that his disobedience was the cause of the family troubles.

Worn out by fatigue and anxiety, the Verderer and his wife went after a time to their straw pallets in an inner room, Margery forgetting to shut the wooden shutter which closed the opening in the wall, through which light and air came into the lodge.

The moon was at the full, and shining brightly ; its rays, falling on the cage of Tinykin, kept him awake. He was very unhappy, and would have been glad enough to have forgotten his sorrow

in sleep. It was about midnight, as near as he could guess, when, to his surprise, there came to the opening, or window, a most perfectly shaped creature, resembling the little girl whose kiss had changed him into a bird, only she was much smaller. She had wings, too, and carried in her hand a wand, on whose top shone a star-fragment, similar to those which had lured him into the forest.

"Ah! my pretty bird!" said Titania, for it was she; "you are safe at home again."

Tinykin tried to say, "Yes!" but he only made a sort of croak.

"Are you tired of being a bird?" asked Titania.

"Croak," answered Tinykin.

"If I restore you to your proper shape again,

will you promise to come to the glade before the moon wanes out?"

"Croak."

Titania then unfastened the door of the cage, and Tinykin flew to the window sill.

"Follow me," said the fairy.

Tinykin obeyed her.

After a few moments' flight, they came to a small opening in the forest, and there, on a mound of turf and flowers, a form such as Tinykin remembered his own to have been, was lying in the moonlight.

Titania held out her small arm for Tinykin to perch upon, and then she kissed him as she had done before, and in an instant the ouzel disappeared.

A deep sigh came from the figure of the sleeping boy, and Titania, spreading her fil-

my wings, flying round him thrice, then left him.



“Titania held out her small arm for Tinykin to perch upon.”

At the dawn of day Tinykin awoke. He felt confused, as after a deep slumber ; he could remember nothing that had passed ; he wondered where he was, and how he had got there. The

branches of the underwood seemed to be forced aside as though by a strong wind, and the boy felt himself impelled to follow the path thus opened to him. In a short time it brought him to the clearing around his father's lodge, and, with a beating heart, he ran to the door made of withies, and shook it as well as he could.

Margery, who was already awake, heard the noise, and with a mother's instinct knew it was her boy.

"He's come home, Thomas! He's come home!" she cried, giving her still snoring husband a sharp shaking, and then, opening the door, received into her arms her truant son.

Some people are always cross when first awakened, and Thomas the Verderer was of the number. He no sooner satisfied himself that his son was safe, than he threatened him with the

strap for causing so much anxiety, and had proceeded so far in the performance of his threat as to



"The pain returned into his elbow."

have taken down the correctional strap, when the pain returned into his elbow, and continued there until the instrument of punishment fell from his hand.

Titania had flown unperceived through the open window, and was then resting, in the form of a bat, on the roof-tree of the lodge.

PART TWO.



THE moon began to wane, and Tinykin would never go to bed until he had seen it,

much to the surprise of his mother, and noticed how much nearer she had assumed the crescent shape of which the Fairy Queen had spoken. At last the time arrived, when the boy had promised to revisit the glade in the forest. Whilst his

father was [away with his woodmen, and his mother busied with her household affairs, Tinykin stole out of the small enclosure of the lodge, and went to the edge of the forest where he had first seen the fragments of stars, but alas ! none were now to be seen, and only brambles and undergrowth, through which it was impossible for him to force his way. He was on the point of crying with vexation, when he saw spring up close to his feet a tuft of daisies, and then another, and another, the brambles threw out a profusion of small roses, and then the undergrowth separated as before. A number of bees played about the roses, and their humming sounded like a song :—

On, little Tinykin, on to the glade,
Where the grass is the greenest, and coolest the shade ;
Where the scent of sweet flowers perfumeth the air,
And the clear-flowing streamlet makes melody there.

The bees were fairies sent by Titania to guide her pretty boy safely to the glade. He would have discovered what they were, no doubt, had not his attention been directed to the springing up of the flowers at his feet, and which he rightly conjectured were to lead him to the opening in the forest.

When he arrived at the beautiful glade, he looked around, expecting to see the little girl whom he had met there before, and with whom he had had such a strange adventure. She was nowhere to be seen; the truth being, that Queen Titania and her royal lord Oberon did not lead the happiest of married lives, and were frequently at odds with each other. There had been a domestic squabble between the royal pair that very morning, and Oberon had forbidden Titania to leave the fairy palace. The Queen was forced

to obey, as she was closely guarded by the Gentlemen-at-Arms, who formed the King's body-guard, and it was not until late in the day that Titania and her Maids of Honour succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the sentinels, and making her escape to the forest.

Tinykin would have grown very tired of being alone, had it not been for the music of the birds, and the song of the rivulet. He sat down on the margin of the stream, and continued to watch the bright waters flow past him, until, his eyes ceasing to be dazzled by their brightness, he could see clearly the pebbles and water-plants at the bottom of the stream. After a time the fishes, becoming accustomed to his presence, resumed their usual gambols, darting here and there as though chasing each other, and then, in the fulness of their mirth, springing up into the air, their silver scales and

tinted fins flashing in the sunlight. Tinykin had never noticed these inhabitants of the waters before, and now he was enchanted with them.

“Pretty creatures!” he thought, “what a happy life is yours! Swimming about in this beautiful clear streamlet, playing all day out of the heat of the sun, and then, if it should rain, no doubt you would enjoy yourselves the more, and not run into the lodge as I do, to be scolded and sent to bed, and be made to swallow one of mother’s nasty possets if I get wet, in case I should catch cold. O pretty fishes! how I envy you! How I wish I could be a fish.”

Titania, who had arrived at the glade unnoticed, and had been feasting her eyes on the beauty of her foundling, assumed the shape in which she had formerly appeared to Tinykin, and said :

"You want to be a fish, pretty Tinykin, do you?"

The boy started at her voice, and, looking up, saw the same beautiful face smiling upon him as he had seen on his last visit to the glade, and which he had never forgotten, having dreamed of it again and again. As soon as he could speak he said :

"Can you make me a fish, little girl?"

"Yes, for a time, I can," replied Titania, "if you wish for such a change. But remember, when you were a bird, how nearly you were killed by the cruel hawk."

"When I was a bird?" asked Tinykin, he having lost all recollection, as we have said, of his former transformation. Titania had forgotten, for the moment, that her power over mortals was only, as it were, the creation of a dream, when no real

change took place, and that all which happened during the operation of her spells only left a confused recollection of events, as our ordinary dreams will do.

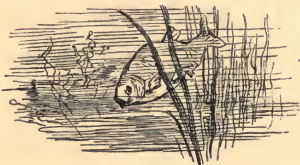
"A foolish question of mine," replied Titania, smiling sweetly. "If you would be a fish, dear Tinykin, repeat your wish as I kiss your forehead."

"As you did once before?" asked the boy, adding, "I remember that."

Titania stooped down her head, and the boy repeated the words of his wish, as the Fairy Queen pressed her lips upon his forehead.

In a moment a dreamy unconsciousness came over the boy, and falling apparently into a quiet sleep, he stretched himself upon the grass. At the same moment a silver-scaled fish sprang up from the grass, and fell into the water.

All the delightful sensations that Tinykin had imagined the fish experienced, were fully realised. He darted through the bright waters, which



“He darted through the bright waters.”

yielded, yet sustained him; now he rose to the surface to inhale the fresh air, leaving a transparent bubble

on the top, which for a moment reflected all the varied colours of the prism, and then was seen no more; now he hid himself under the shelter of an overhanging root, or beneath a piece of rock, thence to dart out and scare some of his fellows, floating past him at their ease, and who in their turn pursued him.

Good as this sport was, Tinykin found, after a

time, that "all play" was not to be, even for fishes, as he felt hungry, and did not know where to look for a dinner. He had not learned how to eat—if he had how to drink—like a fish, and he would have fared badly, had not he been attracted by a shadow on the water, caused by a large dragon-fly circling round and round. Floating on his side to discover what was the occasion of the shadow, he saw with the eye which was undermost, a perfect banquet of food for fishes, and which no doubt had been cast into the water by the dragon-fly above. It was really so, as Titania, not daring to enter the stream from fear of the Water-horses,* had watched her darling from the banks of the stream, flitting, in the form of a dragon-fly, from branch to branch of the overhanging bushes, and,

* Or Kelpies, as these malignant sprites are called in Scotland.

guessing the cause of Tinykin's uneasy motion, supplied the means for his dinner.

Exercise had increased Tinykin's usually good appetite, and he feasted himself to repletion until he was hardly able to swim about to find a comfortable lodging. He did so at last under the friendly shelter of a lump of rock, and then he fell into that state which fishes consider as sleep.

With the early dawn he was astir, and watching how other fishes proceeded, he contrived to pick up a satisfactory breakfast. His new state continued to delight him, and onward he swam with the stream, never considering whither it led, or how he should get back to the fairy glade when he should be desirous of becoming himself again.

The streamlet, after many meanderings, flowed into a vast lake (long since drained of its waters), which communicated also with a large river empty-

ing itself into the sea. It was in this lake that a great Baron among fishes had his principal castle, and all the inhabitants of the streams which communicated with the lake and the great river came, at stated periods, to do homage and to pay tribute. This Baron was notorious for his cruelty as well as power. Thousands of his subjects were devoured every year, and though his unhappy victims knew the fate which awaited them, they were compelled, by the necromantic influence of the Baron, to come to the castle and offer themselves as willing sacrifices. When Tinykin entered the lake, he was surprised to see shoals of fishes swimming in the same direction, whilst ever and anon he heard a sound resembling thunder, coming as it were from the centre of the lake. Had he been really a fish, he would have known that the noise proceeded from the Baron's trumpeters, blowing through huge

shells, which some of his dependants had brought from the sea, whither they were compelled to go at certain seasons, and that all who heard those



"The Baron's castle."

sounds were constrained to present themselves outside the walls of the Baron's castle.

A very unsightly place was this under-water fortress, being formed of boles of trees that had been buried in the mud until they were as black as coal, and heavy and hard as iron. These made the walls, and around them was an embankment of

mud and clay, coated with green slime. As yet, no adventurous mortal had seen that great lake, or he would never have thought that the bright water-mirror on which he looked covered such a hideous place as the Fish-Baron's castle, or gave shelter to such a monster as the wicked Baron himself.

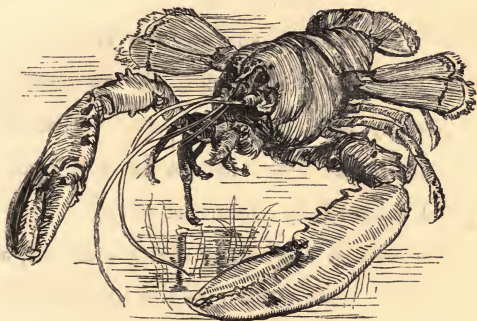
Tinykin's natural curiosity was aroused, and he followed in the wake of a shoal of fishes, formed and clothed like himself. Had he known his danger, he would have tacked about and steered himself back to the little stream where he had been so happy.

When Tinykin drew near to the castle, he saw it was surrounded by thousands of fishes of different shapes, their trembling scales shewing the bodily fear they were suffering. Tinykin himself began to feel very uneasy, as he observed that the Baron's

guards were hemming them round, and rendering retreat dangerous, if not impossible.

These guards were terrible creatures to look upon. They were of gigantic size, cased in black armour, like lobsters, having claws like them, and also great projecting eyes ; they had fins like dragons, and their tails appeared to be tipped with steel. With them were the trumpeters, who were equally ugly, if not so destructive in appearance. They appeared to have blown themselves into a round shape, like the tunny-fish, and their eyes were round and distended, so that the appearance was quite hideous enough to frighten any timid fish out of its wits. As these terrible creatures continued to swim round and round the collected multitude, numbers were compelled to enter an opening in the castle walls, and which led to the Baron's great Stew, or, to give it a better name, the

Pond of Despair : as the fish which entered there never got out, except (figuratively speaking) into the frying-pan in the Baron's kitchen.



"These guards were terrible creatures, like lobsters."

Tinykin was unlucky enough to be one of the doomed party, but happily for him he was ignorant of the probable fate which awaited him.

The Baron's wife was quite of a different nature to her brutal husband. She had been taken

captive in the neighbouring river, and, being singularly beautiful, the Baron preferred marrying her to eating her. Her form was very graceful, and was well set off by a close-fitting robe of silver scales. Fortunately, she was the mother of an only daughter, who inherited all her gentleness and beauty, which would, no doubt, have been displeasing to the Baron, had he not had a son as brutal as himself by a former marriage.

The princess was named after her mother, and called Salmonida. Her race had been singularly favoured, and had been so endowed that they could exist in the sweet waters of the river or the salt waters of the sea. Shortly after the birth of the Baroness, and on her first visit to the ocean, there chanced to be a shipwreck on the coast where she was staying, and amongst the passengers in the vessel was the great magician, Merlin. Power-

ful as he was when surrounded by his charms and philters, in the great sea he was as helpless as less favoured mortals. He was a bad swimmer, and would no doubt have shared the fate of some of his comrades, had not the elder Salmonida swam before him and piloted him to land. For this service Merlin showed his gratitude by confiding to her certain cabalistic words, which would greatly increase her happiness whenever she could utter them in the ear of a mortal. This mighty charm she could impart to her children. But as a fish never was known to converse with man, woman, nor child, the efficacy of the spell had never been tested.

Tinykin was terribly frightened when he saw two hideous creatures covered with moving scales, and whose great fins were like scoops full of holes, like a sieve or a colander. These were the Baron's

purveyors, who had come to gather from the Stew fishes for their lord's dinner.

The poor victims seemed stupified with terror, and allowed themselves to be gathered by the purveyors, without an effort to escape. Not so Tinykin : he swam about, now diving to the bottom, now rising to the surface, until he had sprung nearly six feet out of the water, and fell back with a loud splash close to where the Baroness and her daughter were taking their mid-day repast of delicate water-plants, which had been collected for them by their attendants.

There was something so assuring in the expression of the two ladies Salmonia, that Tinykin lost half his fears, and remaining stationary, showed by the quivering of his fins that he sought to pay them homage, and to ask their protection.

The noble ladies evidently understood their sup-

pliant, and by a graceful inclination of their heads, told to Tinykin that his suit was granted, and they themselves were affected by a singular feeling, which made them regard the stranger fish with an uncommon interest, amounting almost to respect. This feeling, no doubt, arose from the fact that Tinykin was human, and though transformed for a time, he had not lost his claim to supremacy over the creatures made for the use of man. So powerful is the influence of man's superiority, that the brutal Baron, whilst revelling with his ferocious sons, felt an undefined dread of evil ; and though eating to excess produces a similar effect on fishes as drinking to excess does with earth-born creatures, the Baron was not at ease in his mind until he became oblivious from repletion.

Meanwhile the Baroness and her lovely daughter, having finished their vegetable repast, took each of

them a beautiful shell, and blowing through an aperture at one end, produced such delicious harmony that Tinykin was enchanted by it. Again his fins quivered, but more gently than before, and the Royal instrumentalists were plainly gratified by his admiration.

The music lesson over, the Baroness proceeded to teach her daughter certain graceful gyrations and movements in the water, which far excelled any polka, waltz, or quadrille, of our time, and threw Tinykin into an ecstasy of delight.

The dancing lesson at an end, the two noble ladies remained almost motionless, and began to murmur sounds of which Tinykin did not understand the meaning at first; but, after a time, he discovered that the Baroness was imparting wise counsels to her daughter.

“And now, my darling,” said the Baroness,

"I will repeat to you, as is my daily custom, the strange words the Wizard Merlin confided to me, although I fear me they will benefit us little owing to the condition attached to them."

"You mean, mamma, that they must be heard by mortal ears?" replied Salmonia.

"Yes, my dear!"

The heart of Tinykin beat quickly, for he knew that he was human, and young as he was the wondrous power of the Great Merlin was known to him.

The Baroness then uttered some strange words—the exact formula has been long lost—and instantly the clear waters became turgid and troubled exceedingly. The Baron and his brutal fellows were roused from their heavy sleep, and, in their terror, fought furiously with each other, not knowing who were their assailants, owing to the

obscuration of the water. A single current like liquid amethyst showed to Tinykin and his noble friends a way of escape. At their utmost speed they glided through the water until they came to the entrance of the little rivulet which Tinykin had traversed, and which flowed through the Fairy glade.

The fugitives knew then they were in safety, and therefore proposed to rest themselves.

The Baroness and her daughter were profuse in their thanks to Tinykin, who had been the means of their escape from the Baron's castle ; but Tinykin endeavoured to prove that he was the obliged fish, as, had he remained in captivity, his turn to be cooked or eaten would certainly have arrived.

It was twilight when the three fugitives had reached the rivulet ; and it was nearly an hour

before the rays of the full moon fell upon the waters, and penetrated to the bottom where the Ladies Salmonia were dozing. As soon as the influence of the Ruler of the Tides was felt by the noble pair, the Baroness involuntarily repeated the charm of Merlin. Sensations similar to those which had been experienced by Tinykin when Titania kissed his forehead, possessed the Baroness and her daughter, and in a few moments they were changed into two Undines, or water nymphs of exceeding beauty.

The condition of Merlin's charm was now revealed. He had not the power—potent as he was—to raise Salmonia from the condition in which she was created, but he brought her as nearly as possible to the perfection of humanity, by making her an Undine.

A great boulder rose out of the stream near the

place where this transformation had taken place. As the two beautiful creatures seated themselves upon this rock, their long hair and filmy garments glittering in the moonlight, Tinykin thought he had never seen anything half so lovely, and was somewhat mortified to find that he was compelled to admire at a distance, as whenever he attempted to get upon the boulder, he fell back into the stream in an attitude far from graceful or becoming.

Titania was greatly concerned for her pretty boy, when she discovered that he had passed out of the boundaries of the stream. She had long known how cruel was the Baron of the Lake, and her supernatural, or rather her protective power, only extended to the land. She had therefore placed fairy sentinels on the border of the lake, near to the efflux of the streamlet, with orders to

bring her intelligence the moment Tinykin returned. Her trusty people, therefore, no sooner saw the boy and his companions re-enter the stream, than they flew off to their royal mistress to apprise her of the circumstance.

The Fairy Queen was soon at the border of the stream where Tinykin was resting ; and so became a witness of all that occurred.

When Titania saw how beautiful the Undines were, and how anxious Tinykin appeared to join their society, she grew dreadfully jealous. Jealousy was one of the great defects of fairy natures, and most of the quarrels which occurred between King Oberon and his Queen arose from that miserable feeling. Titania was jealous ; but as she had no power under the water, she waited until the dawn of day, when the Undines were compelled, by their natural laws, to hide themselves from the

sunlight. Having taken the form of a beautiful kingfisher, she flew up and down the stream, creating the utmost alarm among the smaller fishes, until Tinykin, who had scarcely recovered from his recent fright, was seized also with panic, and darted about like his companions, whose instinct warned them to avoid the kingfisher, one of their natural enemies.

Titania was malicious enough to enjoy the terror of her favourite, who now continued to swim up stream as fast as he could, and no doubt but his fairy tormentor would have continued her sport, had not a real danger beset her darling. The happiness of the dwellers in the little rivulet would have been perfect, but for the presence at intervals of a great Pike or Jack, who invariably carried off one or more of the inhabitants, to devour them. This formidable ruffian was now on

a visit to the stream ; and Tinykin, in his hurry to escape from the danger above, nearly swam into the jaws of the danger below. He dashed past the pike before he was aware of his presence, and the



“ He dashed past the pike, and the ferocious fellow instantly gave chase.”

ferocious fellow instantly gave chase. Tinykin's career as a fish would have certainly ended fatally, had not Titania perceived the danger of her darling, and in a moment struck the surface of the stream with her wings, which so alarmed the pursuing monster, that he turned swiftly round, and hid himself at the bottom of a deep hole, which he was in the habit of frequenting.

This incident occurred where the stream passed through the beautiful glade ; and so frightened was Tinykin, that he sprang out of the water, and, Titania receiving him upon her back, carried him to land, where he lay gasping and almost dead.

The figure of a boy was lying upon the grass ; the cheeks were pale as lilies, and the lips were also colourless. When Titania saw the change which had taken place in the form of Tinykin, she became alarmed, fearing that her spell had continued too long, and that her pretty boy was dying. She instantly kissed his forehead. Again, as no colour came into the cheeks.

The fish upon the grass gasped feebly, but at last rolled slowly into the stream as Tinykin gave signs of returning consciousness, and after a time opened his round blue eyes, and endeavoured to

raise himself, but in vain. What was to be done? The boy was faint with hunger. There were no fruits growing on the trees, nothing that could restore his failing strength. At last Titania bethought her of what she should do. She flew away to the lodge, and, imitating the voice of Tinykin, called aloud,—

“Mother!”

Poor Margery had fallen asleep, having passed the preceding night in the forest; as Thomas the Verderer had declared that the undutiful boy might have his fill of wandering, and get back as he could. But Margery was a doating mother; and whilst her husband slept, had gone into the forest calling her boy by every endearing name she could remember. She had returned in time to get her husband's breakfast, as she knew he would be more incensed against his son, if his mess of hot

broth was not ready for him, before he went to marshal his woodmen. She returned in time to do



“She had returned in time to get her husband’s breakfast.”

this, though not to prevent Thomas from going forth, grumbling and promising Tinykin a good thrashing when he returned to the lodge.

Poor Margery said nothing, but resolved to expose her own shoulders to the terrible strap rather than that her boy should suffer.

Judge, then, with what pleasure she heard

the call of "Mother," though it seemed to be spoken in a dream.

Perhaps, she was dreaming, as she heard it again and again, and followed it through the brambles and the underwood, which opened a way for her to pass through, until she came to the beautiful glade.

Ah! what was that lying on the grass? Her Tinykin, her darling boy,—almost swooning at the sight of her!

She guessed instantly that he was faint for want of food. What good fortune! She had in her pocket a piece of oaten cake, which she had hidden away at breakfast-time, so that Thomas her husband should not see that she could not eat, on account of the hard words he spoke, and her anxiety for her boy. She carried Tinykin in her arms to the stream. She

moistened the oaten bread in the clear water, and then her boy ate of it; and after a little while the



"She moistened the oaten bread in the clear water, and then her boy ate of it."

look of death passed out of his face, and the apple-blossom came back again.

How she contrived to carry him to the lodge, she could not remember; but when Thomas the Verderer came home to dinner, the boy was

sleeping so peacefully on his couch of dried heather, and looking so like an innocent angel, that Thomas rubbed his own rough beard with his rough hand, and said nothing more about the strap.



"Thomas rubbed his beard."

PART THREE.



A MONTH had passed, and Tinykin still lay upon his bed of dried heather ; his pillow, according to the custom of the times, being a hard log of wood, which his mother had now tried to make more comfortable by folding up her best red lindsey kirtle, and placing it beneath the head of the invalid. The pallid face of the boy contrasted strongly with the tint of

the petticoat, and no doubt made poor Margery's heart sadder than it would have been. The long time that Tinykin's natural body had been without sustenance had so impaired his strength, that only for his mother's careful nursing, and the constant supply of nutritious food, it is more than probable that he would have died.

Tinykin bore his confinement and suffering so patiently, that Thomas the Verderer was often moved almost to tears, but his manly will drove them back into his heart which they tended to soften. He had been wont to use hard words to poor Margery, and to threaten more blows than he gave; but now his voice was gentler in its tone, and his words were kinder, whilst the terrible strap was taken from the peg on which it usually hung in the Verderer's lodge, and found a more appropriate place in the kennel

where two of the king's hounds were kept at walk.

And so it is, that our own sorrows and the observance of the sorrows of others, correct our selfishness and make us more kind and forbearing. One can hardly understand a proper "love to our neighbour" if we ourselves have no experience of griefs and disappointments.

After a time, when Tinykin could sit up by the aid of supports, Thomas would place his stool beside the bed and amuse his son by showing him how to make lines for taking fish, and springes to catch birds, and snares for hares and rabbits. He also fashioned him a cross-bow and bird-bolts, and promised that he should learn how to handle both when he should be strong enough. Then when the boy could leave his bed, he made a kind of arbour near the door of

the lodge, so that Tinykin could sit in the sun or in the shade, as it pleased him.



“He fashioned him a cross-bow.”

Poor Margery had never been so happy—now that she saw her darling growing stronger every day—never since she left King Kitchen to become the wife of King Verderer Thomas à Clout. One

day, when she helped Tinykin to walk to his little bower, she was surprised to see that the osier twigs of which it was composed had thrown out clusters of roses and honeysuckle! Tinykin instantly guessed who had been at work for him, but he said nothing, fearing that his mother would do something to offend the fairies, to whom she rightly attributed the troubles of her son. As they drew nearer, a cloud of bees rose from the flowers, and having hummed a chorus of welcome, flew away over the tops of the surrounding trees into the forest. Tinykin saw that they were fairies, but he said nothing, hoping that if no accident occurred, the pretty maiden he had seen in the glade, might come and play with him when his mother and father were absent.

On entering his little bower, Tinykin saw lying on the seat a bunch of pale blue flowers. They

were not violets, nor forget-me-nots, nor like any other flowers he had seen before ; they gave out a scent so aromatic and delicious, that Tinykin was nearly overpowered by the excess of sweetness. When his mother looked at him she was surprised to see that the cheeks of her darling boy were no longer flaccid and pale, but had recovered their former roundness, and healthful display of mingled red and white. His hands, which had become almost transparent and white as death, now grew under her very eyes, brown and plump, as they used to be.

The flowers ! the wonderful flowers, had produced this sudden healing, and Margery, like a good Catholic, ascribed the miracle to the beneficence of her husband's patron saint, the holy St. Hubert.

Tinykin, for his own reasons, did not seek to

undecieve his mother; but he had given all the credit of his sudden recovery to a being far more interesting to him than the grim St. Hubert, whose effigy, rudely carved in wood, hung over his father's bed.

Before Thomas returned in the evening, the roses and honeysuckles had all disappeared; but the beautiful aromatic flowers continued to bloom, and yield their perfume as freshly and as freely as when first discovered in the bower.

Thomas, the Verderer, had all the superstition of the times in which he lived, and quite agreed with Margery, that the good St. Hubert had restored their darling to health. He vowed that the first hart of grease which he should shoot, albeit it were in troth the property of the king, his master, should go to the buttery of the neighbouring monastery, there to be paid for in

Aves to his patron saint, who had so befriended him.

As time went on, Tinykin was often tired of being idle, although Margery employed him to do odd matters about the lodge, and the little garden attached to it, where they grew the few vegetables then known to the peasantry. They were not many: small, dry, stringy turnips, parsnips, carrots, and leeks, and perhaps a little wild colewort, the ancestor of the great family of the cabbages. These were all they had for the pot, and a little barley and rye for bread, and wormwood for beer.

They had also two or three hives of bees, from whose honey Margery made her mead, to be drunk only on great feast days, and merry-makings.

Thomas had been as good as his word, and now

and then took Tinykin with him a-birding, and the boy soon became an expert marksman with



“The boy soon became expert.”

the cross-bow.

He learned readily how to make lures, and springes, and could soon set a snare almost as well as his father. Still there were times when Tinykin became sad and sullen, his thoughts always

turning to the beautiful glade and his fairy friends.

Titania, however, had been so much alarmed at

the narrow escape the pretty boy had had from death, that she determined to overcome her own desire to have him near her, and never again to allow him to run any risk of danger through her agency. She therefore closed up all access to the fairy glade, and after Tinykin's restoration to health, withdrew herself and her court to a distant part of the kingdom. But fairies, like mortals, were not the controllers of their own destinies at all times.

The woodmen, who served under the Verderer, had made many rides through the forest, the lodge being the point from which they started, as it was intended to enlarge that building before the king came there to hunt, and to add others for the use of the hunters, horses, and hounds. To the great delight of Tinykin, orders were given to make an opening through the forest in the direction of the

glade, which had hitherto only been visited by him and his mother. Indeed, Margery had noticed none of the beauties of the spot, as all her attention was directed to the condition of her prostrate son, so that she had never given another thought to the place where she had found him.

A hundred woodmen soon cleared away the grand old trees and the surrounding brushwood, and once more Tinykin was able to visit at his pleasure the glade, where he only remembered to have seen and talked with the beautiful fairy.

But she came not, though the flowers were fading fast, and the mast began to fall from the beech trees, and the lovely green of their leaves was changing every day to a tender brown. The nightingales were silent, and the notes of other

song birds were less sweet and constant. Still the deer came to drink at the streamlet, and the waters flowed on ever murmuring in song.

One night Tinykin awoke. The moon shone into the lodge through the open window—it was rarely closed except in bad weather, or winter time—and Tinykin could see the ruler of the night moving along in all her glory. He could not compose himself to sleep, but obeying an impulse which he could not control, he arose, and putting on his clothes, stole noiselessly to the door, which was only fastened by a latch. He listened for a moment or two to learn if his parents still slept, before he raised the slender fastening, and their loud snoring satisfied him that he had not disturbed them. Stealing softly out, he closed the door after him, and then ran swiftly down the ride leading to the glade.

What was his rapture when he arrived there, to see the fairies dancing in a ring around their beloved Queen, who for a moment or two was so pleased by the homage of her subjects, that she did not detect the presence of a mortal. When her quick instinct discovered that an intruder was a witness to their revels, she uttered a cry peculiar to the fairies, and which was like the sound of a trumpet giving the alarm to a surprised camp of soldiers.

In an instant, Tinykin was surrounded by myriads of small gnats, that almost blinded him, and he cried out in terror; but Titania instantly recognised the voice of her pretty boy, and rescued him from his tormentors. All her former love for him returned, all her resolutions to avoid him vanished, so that when Tinykin could see again, he beheld his beautiful playmate smiling upon him as before.



"THE FAIRIES DANCING IN A RING AROUND THEIR BELOVED QUEEN."—Page 80.

"Oh, how good of you to save me from those cruel gnats!" said Tinykin. "They would have stung me to death had you not driven them away."

"How do you know I did so?" asked Titania, smiling more prettily than ever.

"No one else had the power. You are the Fairy Queen, are you not?" replied Tinykin.

"I am, and you must be a Sunday child to know me. Why have you come here to-night?"

"Because I could not sleep, and when I came



"In an instant, Tinykin was surrounded by myriads of small gnats."

out of our lodge into the bright moonlight, I could not resist the desire to visit this glade, hoping to see you once again."

Titania understood why he had felt this strong desire to visit the glade, as she had thought of him the moment she had arrived there, and had uttered involuntarily a wish that he were there also.

As Titania remained silent, Tinykin said,—

"Let me see your fairies dance again; but do not you join them, as I would rather have you sit beside me on this knoll. I feel so happy now you are near me."

Titania was delighted to hear her pretty boy say this, and then bidding her fairies resume their dance, she sat down beside Tinykin, and laid his head in her lap, as in after time she did that of one Bottom, a weaver.

The moon had nearly ended her night's journey, and in the east the first streak of day appeared. In a short time, a fine dappled deer came to the stream to drink, and Tinykin felt a similar strange inclination as had possessed him formerly, to change his condition, having had, as we have said, no remembrance of anything which had befallen him.

"Oh, what a beautiful creature!" cried Tinykin; "how I wish I could be a deer, if only for a day."

Titania started at these words. For a moment she resolved not to gratify the wish of her pretty boy; but thinking, that, if she refused him, he would never come again, and that by granting it she should keep him near her for some hours longer, she took his pretty face between her hands, and kissed him on the forehead, as before. Instantly, a

milk-white doe was seen in the glade, and at her side a dappled fawn—Titania and Tinykin ; as the



“Instantly, a milk-white doe was seen in the glade, and at her side
a dappled fawn.”

Fairy Queen had resolved to keep by the side of her favourite, believing that, by so doing, she should be able to preserve him from all danger, and restore

him to his human shape before injury could arise from the want of sustenance, or from exposure to the dews of night, or the baneful moonlight.

The white doe and the dappled fawn paced several times round the glade, scattering the dew-drops in tiny showers with their small feet, until, as with one consent, they bounded over the rivulet and disappeared in the forest. The white doe then led the way along certain winding tracks, which the fawn would not have discovered, until they came to an open space almost as beautiful as the glade they had just left. Here the doe stopped to graze, and the fawn following the example of its seeming dam, made an excellent breakfast off the most delicious pasturage, short crisp grass mixed with sweet herbs for which no names had as yet been found. When satisfied with eating, the fawn drew nearer to the doe, which, having

ceased grazing, now, with its rough black tongue caressed her dappled darling with the fondness of a mother. Withdrawing into the shade of the forest, they came to a mossy knoll overshadowed by the branches of an oak, whose gnarled trunk declared how many score of years had passed since it had been an acorn. On this knoll the white doe and the fawn laid down to rest, and soon fell into a repose which was not sleep, but which was a state of rumination only accorded to a part of the creatures made for the use of man.

After a time they arose again, and wandered along winding paths, until they came to a large open space hitherto untrodden by a human foot-step.

Hundreds of deer were there grazing or reposing, and on the appearance of the white doe and the fawn, the entire number stood erect, the harts

throwing back their great antlers as though ready to do battle, whilst the hinds stretched to their utmost their long necks, and opened their round dark eyes to the full. In an instant the new comers were surrounded. The doe and fawn understood by the gestures of the others they were prisoners, and required to obey their guards, who led the way to a bosky-looking corner of the wood, where the Lord of the Forest of Tilgate kept his state.

A noble fellow was he! Nearly ten feet in height, with wide-spreading antlers of polished steel. On his broad forehead was a plate of gold, and his breast was covered with bosses of the same precious metal. He was standing on his throne, a mound of the greenest grass, with tufts of flowers which seemed like gems. Erect around him were his body-guard, composed of warriors whose broken antlers told of many a hard-fought fray

with the neighbouring chiefs of Brantridge and St. Leonards. Sometimes they had been the aggressors, penetrating nearly to the stronghold of the lords of those vast forests, returning often victorious, bringing with them the loveliest hinds and fawns of their enemies. At other times they were the attacked, and never but upon one occasion were the warriors of Tilgate made to mourn a serious reverse.

The beauty of the white doe and her dappled fawn, struck the Lord of Tilgate and all his court with admiration ; and the anxiety of the captives was instantly removed by the kind actions of the chieftain, and the ready services of his followers. A portion of the great plain was given to the white doe, and there she could graze at peace with her young charge, sure of the protection of every antlered warrior.

This introduction was scarcely over, when a loud noise was heard in the distant forest, and though its cause was unknown to Tinykin, and even to Titania, it was instantly recognised by the more experienced deer as the "belling"* of an approaching stranger.

The body-guard instantly closed round their lord, and the hinds and their fawns hurried behind a double line of harts drawn up in order of battle.

After a short delay, a noble deer presented itself at the furthest confine of the plain, bearing in his mouth a small green branch, as a token that he was a noble herald, and claimed free passage to come and go according to the usages of sylvan chivalry.

The Lord of Tilgate instantly despatched his own chief herald, to assure the stranger messenger

* The noise made by deer is so called.

of safe conduct and honourable treatment ; and then the two advanced to the foot of the mound on which the Lord of Tilgate stood erect and alone.

The herald's message was short, and quickly delivered. "He had come," he said, "from the great Lord of Brantridge, as the bearer of mortal defiance to the Lord of Tilgate, in order that by the defeat of one or the other, the two forests should own but one ruler, and that henceforth the villains or serfs of both houses, should live in peace and security."

The Lord of Tilgate did not wait to consult his warriors, and hardly allowed the Brantridge herald time to complete the delivery of his hostile message, before he declared his readiness to accept the challenge, and ordered the herald to make his utmost speed back to his insolent lord, as the

warriors of Tilgate should not sleep until they saw their lord lord also of Brantridge.

The white doe and the fawn were completely appalled at the horrible discord produced by the loud belling of the warriors in approval of their lord's accession, and in a very few minutes the whole herd were in motion, following the track of the challenger.

As many of the hinds determined to accompany their harts to witness the combat, the doe and the fawn could not resist their curiosity to be present also, and joining the ruck, therefore, found themselves about mid-noon at the entrance to a valley, which formed a kind of neutral ground between the two domains.

The Lord of Brantridge was waiting to receive his noble enemy. He was in all respects a worthy match for his valiant foe, and was equipped at all

points in the same manner, excepting that his antlers were of polished brass.

The heralds of the two combatants met in the centre of the valley, and arranged the order of battle, and signed on behalf of their respective lords the conditions of surrender of territory to the victor.

The belling of the heralds announced the completion of these preliminaries ; and when they had returned to their respective hosts, the two noble chieftains advanced to meet each other in the centre of the valley, where the ground was level, and the turf firm and short.

With heads erect they regarded each other for a few moments. Lowering their antlers until their heads nearly touched the turf, they rushed furiously at each other. Such was the force of the onset that the ring of their antlers might have

been heard far beyond the limits of the valley, and each warrior recoiled on to his haunches. Again and again they charged, tearing up the turf with their hard hoofs. Now their antlers becoming entangled, they struggled fiercely for the mastery, their partizans beiling in turn as their chiefs appeared to have the advantage. Now their antlers are free again ! Again they dash their heads together, again they are locked and struggling ! Again free. The Lord of Brantridge staggered for a moment as the last tine of his antlers was disengaged. In a moment his skilful rival saw his advantage, and making a sidelong blow at his adversary, produced a fearful wound.

The noble fellow knew his death was certain, but he scorned to turn his front, or fly for safety. Again he rushed upon his foe, but every moment his strength was failing, flowing away through the

wound in his side. His aim became uncertain, and then his victorious opponent drove his antlers once

more into the wound. The battle was over, and the victory was won.



"The battle over."

Long before the end of the fight, however, the white doe and the fawn had returned into

the forest, shocked at what they had seen, and which was so unlike the peacefulness always associated with the dwellers in the greenwood. They

would have stolen away to the quiet glade where the mortal part of Tinykin was lying ; but they found the Lord of Tilgate had placed a cordon of guards round his domains, to prevent any surprise from his old enemy of St. Leonards.

The transformed were, therefore, compelled to pass the night in the forest, and they made their couch on some bracken, which completely sheltered them from dews, and wind, and moonlight.

Long before sunset the victorious lord and his followers had returned and were soon at rest, none dreaming of the new danger which threatened then, and for years to come, the denizens of the forest.

The belling of an out-lying sentinel early on the following morning aroused the sleepers. The trusty guard, almost breathless with speed, rushed

to his lord with the astounding news, that King Horsa and his nobles were preparing to hunt in Tilgate Forest, and the rides which had been lately constructed were to assist the hounds and horsemen in the pursuit of their prey.

The Lord of Tilgate was alone undismayed at this news. He rose up and cast aside his frontlet and breastplate of gold, and prepared himself to become the chase ; ordering all his vassals to seek the shelter of the forest, and to continue to retreat if by chance the hounds should hit upon their track.

In a short time the whole herd were astir, and retreating slowly into the depths of the forest, from the approach of their natural and most powerful enemies.

But the white doe and the dappled fawn were not of the herd, and Titania feared to follow them,

lest ill should again overtake her darling Tinykin, and her spell she knew would have fatal consequences unless removed within a certain time. Oh! how she blamed her selfishness which had made her accede to the wish of her pretty boy, knowing that he might be exposed to some such danger as now beset him!

These remorseful thoughts were interrupted by the distant sounds of horns and the shouts of the prickers seeking to rouse the chase. Titania, greatly alarmed, withdrew with the fawn into some thick underwood, unluckily crossing one of the newly-made rides as they did so. They had just concealed themselves, when the noble Lord of Tilgate came slowly down the ride, as though to face his enemies. He knew the danger which beset his race, and he resolved to direct its course away from his own particular herd. Suddenly he

paused, and stood at gaze as King Horsa and his courtiers, his huntsmen and his prickers, came into the entrance of the ride at some half mile distance.



“King Horsa and his courtiers,” &c.

The royal party soon viewed their noble quarry ; and the hounds, released from the slips which held them, and cheered on by the horsemen, were soon

in full cry ; their deep-mouthed baying scaring the birds in the trees.

It caused no pulse of fear in the bold heart of the noble Lord of Tilgate Forest, who proceeded for a time at a sharp trot, and then went away at his best speed ; as it would have been no proof of valour not to have availed himself of every chance of escape, even while offering himself as the object of pursuit. The sound of his hard hoofs upon the firm turf, was heard distinctly by the white doe and the fawn in their retreat, until the baying of the hounds, and the shouts of the hunters overpowered it.

Titania in her fear for the safety of Tinykin, had forgotten to close up their track through the underwood, and two of the hindermost hounds hitting on their scent turned from the ride into the forest, baying fiercely. In a moment the white doe

dashed away with the fawn beside her ; but to her horror discovered that they were about to enter an open space in the forest, and the hounds would surely outstrip the fawn in speed. Their only chance of safety was to intertwine the brambles and brushwood behind them, but the powerful hounds broke through this defence, although it lessened their speed and enabled the chase to cross the open space and gain the thicket. The strength of the fawn began to fail, and Titania's alarm increased ; but as good fortune would have it, they had taken the direction of the Verderer's lodge.

"Courage, dear Tinykin," said the white doe, "a little more exertion, and we shall soon be in safety. See, yonder is your father's lodge, and the door is open."

Thus encouraged, the weary fawn gathered fresh

strength, and in a few minutes was once more at home.

It was fortunate that the transformed Tinykin had not been guided to the fairy glade, or probably he would have been too late to have saved his pretty human form from death.

It had chanced, however, that when Margery again missed her truant boy, she guessed he had gone to the glade of which he had often spoken to her, as being so very beautiful. Thither went Margery, and discovered, to her great alarm, that her Tinykin had fallen into a trance, and must have continued in that state throughout the day. She at once carried him to the lodge, and then strove in vain to restore him to consciousness. Thomas the Verderer was away making arrangements for the King's hunting on the morrow, and she feared to leave the boy to seek for help at the

neighbouring convent. As the night came on, she lighted a candle made of thin slips of fir soaked in grease and bound together with flax, but the lurid flame made the face of the boy more death-like, and she could feel that the beating of his heart grew fainter and fainter. She knew not what to do ; she could only pray.

As soon as it was dawn, she went to the boy's little bower, and sought about it to find some of the healing flowers which had restored him before ; but not one ! not one could she see !

Presently her husband returned with other verderers and hunters to collect the hounds about the lodge. To make them more eager for the chase, the hounds had been kept without food since the preceding mid-day, and now they clamoured loudly, seeing their feeders. As Thomas and his men had enough to do, to fasten on the straps

and collars which coupled them together, Margery knew her husband would take no heed then to anything but the hounds, and so she re-entered the lodge, crying bitterly.

It was high noon when the white doe and the dappled fawn rushed into the lodge, frightening Margery almost out of her wits. She soon recovered herself, and when she saw the two beautiful creatures which had sought shelter or protection, her kindly nature was touched, and she showed by her manner that she would do what she could for their safety. She then proceeded to fasten the wattled door, and the latch being somewhat out of order from want of use, she was thus occupied two or three minutes. During this short space of time, Titania had discovered to her delight, that her pretty boy was lying on his couch, but so pale and so quiet that she knew

not a moment was to be lost. She instantly disenchanted the fawn, and Tinykin, heaving a deep sigh, opened his large blue eyes, now so dim as to be almost sightless.

When Margery had finished making fast the door, she turned round, and to her dismay, saw the dappled fawn lying dead upon the clay floor of the lodge, whilst the white doe seemed to be caressing it. Margery was readily moved to tears, and she now wept again as she thought that her own Tinykin might be taken from her. Hastening to the boy, her delight was indeed great, when she saw that consciousness had returned, and heard him call her "Mother!"

Margery knelt down by the couch of the boy, and hugged him tenderly, and so continued until Tinykin said in the feeblest voice, "Drink, mother; drink!"

Margery went to the wooden vessel in which she kept water, but it was empty. Regardless of danger to the white doe, she threw open the door, and hastened to the spring whence she drew her supplies.



"Margery hastened to the spring."

On her return she noticed, in spite of her anxiety to relieve the thirst of Tinykin, that the white doe and the dead fawn had left the lodge. When the boy had drunk sufficiently, Margery

looked again for her late visitors, but they were gone. On the spot where the dead fawn had lain, Margery saw springing up through the clay floor of the lodge, and taking the outline of the animal, similar pretty blue flowers to those which had restored her boy to health. In a few moments an aromatic odour filled the little hut, and as Tinykin inhaled it, the rosy colour came back into his cheeks, and his large blue eyes were as bright and beautiful as they had ever been.

Margery was alarmed, and yet delighted at this sudden change, and would have feared that witchcraft had been at work, only she remembered the horse-shoe which Thomas had nailed over the door—a sure safeguard against the entrance of witch or wizard.

PART FOUR.



It was late in the evening when Thomas the Verderer came home. He was very cross, and two or three circumstances had occurred to make him so.

In the first place, the Lord of Tilgate had outstripped his pursuers, and had found refuge in his newly acquired domain of Brantridge. The King had been very angry at

the escape of the chase, and had rated Thomas and his fellows because they had not made the rides in the forest of greater length. Kings in those days could not bear disappointment, and were not at all times reasonable in their anger. Again, two of the hounds had gone astray, and could not be recovered. They were those which had followed the scent of the white doe and the fawn, and whom Titania had contrived so to entangle in the brambles and brushwood, that they could neither advance nor retreat. Another cause, and the least excusable for the ill-humour of Thomas, was this. He had drunk more than was good for him of the strong mead and beer which the attendants of the King had brought with them from the royal buttery.

Tipsy men are generally cross, and Thomas was not of an amiable temper at any time. Strong

drink made him both cross and cruel, and poor Margery had a sharp box on the ear because she asked him to go to his bed, and not drink any more mead. At last he went to sleep on the settle, and then rolled on to the floor, among the aromatic flowers which



"Poor Margery had a sharp box on the ear."

had sprung up there. They had no other effect upon Thomas than to make him snore louder; and when he awoke in the morning the flowers were all gone, but Tinykin was restored to health.

Margery told her husband all that occurred, thinking to put him into a good humour; but the toper's head was aching, and he was glad to find some one on whom to vent his spleen. He at once declared that Tinykin had been the cause of all the preceding day's misadventures, and that the stray hounds had followed the white doe through the contrivance of Tinykin's friends the fairies. He would have beaten the boy there and then, had not Margery's spirit been roused by the love of her child; and for once in her life she resisted the will of her husband, and gave him a sound drubbing into the bargain.

The poor woman was sorry for this afterwards, as she thought it was sinful not to obey her husband—all good wives should think the same; but Thomas was very careful, for some time after-

wards, not to risk another application to his shoulders of his wife's bucking-stick.

As Tinykin grew older he became a fine, handsome lad, that any father ought to have been proud of. Thomas, however, called him womanish, and never took kindly to the lad, no doubt remembering the humiliation he had undergone on his account.

He would often scold the poor lad for no fault at all, and if Tinykin really was to blame, he never failed to beat him if they were away together in the forest. Tinykin never told his mother of this ill-usage, as he knew she loved him so much, that it would grieve her sadly; but he would sometimes cry out in his sleep, and if Margery heard him it was not easy to escape answering her questions without telling an untruth. Margery guessed that Thomas was not a kind father to her boy, and

again she prayed to good St. Hubert to befriend her darling.



"He never failed to beat him."

But Tinykin was to be released from his father's unkindness for awhile, in a way of which he little dreamed.

The King and the King's daughter were hunting one afternoon in Tilgate Forest, and the chase was a long one. The Princess and a single attendant had



“The attendant was found lying senseless at the foot of a tree.”

separated themselves from the rest of the hunt, and when the horns sounded the *mort*, or death of the stag, the King's daughter did not appear. Search was made throughout the forest, but without success; until the attendant was found lying senseless

at the foot of a tree. He could give no account of his royal mistress further than this: as they were riding forward a flame of fire burst out of the ground, and so frightened the horse on which the attendant was riding, that it plunged furiously into the thicket, whilst a bough of a tree struck the rider on the forehead, at once stunning and unhorsing him.

The King was devotedly attached to his daughter, and when three days had passed without any tidings of the Princess, he became sick with grief, and it was feared that he would die. Before this sickness came on, the King had given way to strong bursts of passion, and had been unjust enough to declare, that the loss of his daughter was owing to the careless way in which Thomas the Verderer had managed the forests, saying, "The knave has permitted freebooters to harbour there,

or the rides in the forest had been so improperly contrived, that the Princess had been misled, and had fallen into one of the pitfalls which were likely to abound there."

Thomas knew not what to say, and would certainly have been hung up in the forest if

the Queen had not pleaded for his life, and obtained permission to have him shut up in a dungeon of the King's castle, on a cooling diet of black bread and spring water.



"Thomas shut up in a dungeon."

Poor Margery was in great sorrow at this trouble of her husband, for in spite of his ill-usage she really loved him in her rude way. She would have been hardly put to it to have gained her daily bread, had not the good Queen taken compassion upon her and her handsome boy, and ordered them to be supplied with food from the royal buttery.

Three months had passed since the disappearance of the Princess, and no word of her had been heard, although the King promised to ennoble whomsoever should discover her, and at last went so far as to declare that her deliverer should become her husband, unless the Princess made an objection. But all was of no use. No tidings came of the lost lady.

Amongst those who had made constant search for the Princess was Tinykin. He was not incited

so much by the reward, of which he scarcely understood the value, as he was to procure the liberation of his father for his mother's sake, who continued to grieve for her dear Thomas, notwithstanding the comfort in which she lived by the Queen's bounty, and the remembrance she must have had of hard words and harder blows.

Towards the close of a long day's search Tinykin unexpectedly found himself in the "grovy lawn" where he had met the fairies. He was slightly alarmed at first, as he had 'been so often threatened with a beating by his father, should he ever again seek an interview with the good people ; but he remembered presently that the stick would not beat him without his father, and that he was closely clapped up in a dungeon.

Tinykin had had no remembrance of anything which had occurred during his transformation, or

perhaps he would not have sought a second adventure after the experience of the first. All he remembered was the presence of the pretty fairy, who smiled upon him so kindly, and kissed his forehead, by which he had had such a pleasant dreaminess come over him, although followed by such bodily weariness.

Now it chanced that Titania had had one of her domestic brawls with her royal husband, and in a huff had fled from him without regarding the direction taken by her couriers. They, recollecting the pleasure their royal mistress had always experienced in the glade of Tilgate Forest, directed their flight thitherwards, and reached the place not half an hour after Tinykin had thrown himself once more upon the grass to listen to the song of the birds and the music of the streamlet. Titania had avoided this once favourite haunt, fearing to

lead her pretty boy into more danger ; but being somewhat selfish in her nature, she was pleased at the accident which had again brought them together.

She stole unperceived to where Tinykin was lying, and could scarcely recognise in the stalwart lad the pretty boy she had loved years ago.

Tinykin was speaking aloud, and so Titania knew of what he was thinking.

“Sweet birds,” he said, “you have undergone no change. You sing as sweetly as when I first heard your songs. You fly wheresoever you please, with no cruel father to chide or beat you. And you, bright stream, you still flow on, making the same low music with the rocks and the roots of the great trees. How much happier than I am, who, though I seek to free my father from his prison, yet dread that he should come home to beat and

scold my dear mother and myself. Yet he shall be set free if I can free him !”

Titania heard these lamentations, and in a moment resolved what she would do. Stamping her little foot three times upon the ground, there came forth, close to Tinykin, a pretty pink mole, and quite unlike anything which Tinykin had ever seen.

The little creature played about as though anxious to be admired, and at last approached so near to Tinykin that he could stroke it with his hand.

“ Who has sent you to change my sad thoughts,” said Tinykin. “ Only one could be so kind, and I shall never see her again, I fear.”

“ You are mistaken,” replied a sweet voice near him ; and on looking in the direction whence the sound came, he saw the pretty maiden of former

years. She appeared to be much smaller than she had been of old, but there was the same sweet smile, the same beautiful form.

"Well, Tinykin," said Titania, "you are still wishing for change, I hear, and are desirous at this moment to change forms with this pretty pink mole."

"That was indeed my thought," replied Tinykin; "I remember wishing to be a bird, a fish, a deer, and though some change came over me, I do not remember anything which may possibly have happened to me."

"Because the time has not yet come when you can profit by your experience. Your race can only acquire wisdom by degrees, and you learn many things when you least think you are doing so." She paused a moment, and then said, "And so you wish to be that pretty pink mole?"

"I do," replied Tinykin, firmly.

"Have then your wish!" said Titania, and again pressing her lips upon the lad's forehead, he fell back upon the grass, as though overcome by slumber, whilst the mole disappeared under the turf. Mole though he now was, it was some time before Tinykin could discover his whereabouts. He found at last that he was in a long narrow tunnel, which seemed to have no end. He must have travelled many, many miles before he came to the entrance of a spacious cavern, where more than a thousand little creatures, clothed in grey jackets and pointed caps, and not bigger than himself, were beating flakes of gold upon anvils of adamant, until the metal became almost a film.

Tinykin watched these busy workers for some minutes, being under the impression that he

himself was unnoticed. In this he was mistaken, as the gnomes have the singular power of seeing



"Beating flakes of gold."

through the earth, and the approach of the pink mole had been observed by some of the numerous sentinels around the royal mint of the King of the Gnomes. Presently, Tinykin found himself impelled forward by certain sharp points, which he afterwards discovered to be spears of the under-

ground sentinels, and at last he was forced into the cavern, where he was instantly surrounded



"Tinykin impelled forward by certain sharp points."

by the police, who secured his little hands with fetters of gold, his captors maintaining perfect silence.

Tinykin could only keep a brave heart, and be prepared to make the best of the fate which awaited him.

The gnome police were clothed in cloth of gold, with breast plates and helmets of gold also; their weapons were also of the same pre-

cious metal, and their lanterns were each a single diamond, which was strongly luminous.



"The faces of the gnomes were very ugly."

The faces of the gnomes were very ugly, but neither cruel nor savage in their expression. Tinykin and his captors were unnoticed as they passed through the cavern, so busy were the

workers with their hammers and anvils. At last they came to what appeared to be the entrance to a great castle, or palace, more properly speaking, as the pillars were of crystal and gold, whilst the gates were studded over with large rubies, almost as large as hen's eggs. The sentinels on duty having received the countersign from the police, gave a signal to those within the castle, and then a wicket in one of the larger gates was opened, and the captors and captive admitted.

Tinykin was astonished at the size of the cavern into which he had been taken, and at the beautiful and wonderful decorations of the vast walls and roof.

The groundwork appeared to be of black glistening jet, overlaid with gems and precious stones, cut into thousands of facets, which reflected back the light of the glowing fire burning in the centre

of the cavern. The fire itself was a beautiful object to look upon, as round the cauldron-like opening in the jet, the boiling lava kept surging, continually changing its colour, now blue, now red, now yellow.

Tinykin had guessed that this was the palace of some great potentate, and was therefore not surprised when he was led through files of richly dressed guards, to find himself in the presence of the Gnome King.

His majesty could not be mistaken, his noble bearing at once proclaimed his dignity. He was much taller than any of his subjects, being nearly eight inches in height. He was not the lineal possessor of the crown, but having lived for some years under the furnace of a great magician, he had learned many secrets of the black art, and by a wise exercise of them, had obtained an influence

over the less instructed gnomes, who on the death of their old king (he being childless), with one

accord elected Zuberghal the First, King of the World Underground.



"His majesty could not be mistaken."

The gnomes and their inferior brethren, the trolls, possessed the power of assuming the human shape, but only for a very short time ; but King Zuberghal could

retain it for days together, and it was often his royal will and pleasure to occupy the carcass of

some knight, squire, or vassal, as the whim suited him.

The sight of the pink mole made the King laugh, as he had never seen one before, nor indeed any mole in the custody of the police. He ordered the manacles to be removed from Tinykin's little hands, making a motion at the same time that the captive should approach the royal footstool. The mole would have knelt, but his formation was not adapted to that attitude of homage, so he contented himself by crawling upon all fours.

The King spoke a few gracious words to Tinykin, and then bidding him assume the perpendicular, desired him to account for his presence in the dominions of the gnomes, from which moles, lobworms, and fieldmice, had been excluded for centuries.

Tinykin found, to his surprise, that he could understand the language of the Gnome King, and that he was able to speak a *lingua* that his majesty could also interpret. It would not be convenient to transcribe the conversation which then ensued, in the original dialect used on the occasion, and we must therefore be content with a summary of what was said.

As Tinykin had but a vague recollection of his human experiences, he merely told the King of the strange abduction of the Princess, and the imprisonment of Thomas the Verderer in consequence thereof, omitting entirely King Horsa's promise of reward.

Zuberghal seemed to be more interested in the pink mole's narrative than was due to the simple facts, plainly stated. His deep interest in Tinykin's story was soon to be explained.

The lord chamberlain of Zuberghal's court, now approached, attended by a numerous train, bearing a large sheet of filmy gold.

The King and the chamberlain conferred together for a short time, and then the whole court and the bearers of the sheet of golden film, pro-



"The king and the chamberlain."

ceeded to an opening in one

side of the cavern, before which hung curtains of crystal threads, woven into figures resembling the fantastic forms made by the frost upon modern

glass windows. It required the combined strength of more than five hundred gnomes to draw aside these curtains. When this act was done, Tinykin saw lying on a couch of pure white asbestos, sprinkled over with emeralds, rubies, diamonds, and amethysts, the sleeping form of a young and beautiful girl. She was clothed in a long green kirtle, hemmed with gold, whilst her bodice was of amber-coloured velvet, lined with royal ermine. Her rich brown hair fell in clusters about her neck and shoulders, having escaped from the net of seed pearls which had confined it, whilst her red rosy lips contrasted strongly with the lily whiteness of her cheek. Her long white fingers were decked with rings of gold, and the hunting rod, which one hand grasped, had a jewelled handle.

Tinykin recognised in a moment the daughter of his King, and knowing that she was enchanted,



"TINYKIN SAW LYING ON A COUCH THE SLEEPING FORM OF A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL."

Page 132.

wrung his little hands in the agony of his grief. Zuberghal had been watching for the effect to be produced upon his captive by a sight of the Princess, doubting in his own mind whether Tinykin was of the humble origin he had professed to be, and that his only interest in the recovery of the Princess, arose from the hope of obtaining his father's release from prison.

It would have fared badly with Tinykin had he expressed his grief in a more refined manner, and so excited the jealousy of Zuberghal, who had fallen deeply in love with the beautiful Princess, when hunting in the forest, and had by his magic art conveyed her away to the World Underground. As it was, the Gnome King was satisfied that the pink mole was only devoted to the Princess as became a true thrall and vassal.

The bearers of the sheet of golden film had reached the couch on which the entranced Princess was lying, and Tinykin then comprehended why the gnomes he had first seen had been so busily employed. Zuberghal fearing that the Princess might suffer from cold during her trance, had ordered this coverlid of beaten gold to be prepared, in order that it might be placed over her motionless body. Why this trance continued must now be explained.

Zuberghal had a powerful enemy in a witch named Sycorax. This hideous enchantress haunted forests and caves in all parts of the world, and not unfrequently those in the Isles of Albion. She had the power of transforming herself into what seemed rocks and trees, and lords and serfs were alike terrified when journeying through forests and lonely places, being scared by the sight of her

hideous form, which after a time proved to be only a gnarled oak or a projection of limestone.



"Sycorax transforms herself into a tree."

It was her custom to hide away during the broad daylight in some hollow tree, from whose remaining boughs she drank the sap, until they withered also, and it was easy for those who had the power of finding witches, to trace the resting places of the baneful Sycorax.

She had been thus concealed on the day that the Gnome King had frightened the horse of the Princess's attendant, and in the few moments which passed before Zuberghal could return to clasp the lovely lady in his arms, Sycorax had thrown her into a trance, which all the power of the Gnome King could not remove.

Zuberghal knew who had deprived his lovely captive of consciousness, and though the Princess would not die, she would never charm him with her melodious voice, or look upon him with her beautiful eyes, for the space of one hundred years. Zuberghal had sought the chief priestess of the Ruler of the Spirits, in the hope to obtain the removal of the spell which bound the Princess in slumber, but had only received from her a scroll, on which was written three seemingly impossible conditions, by

which Sycorax could be made to disenchant the sleeper :—

Search about until you find
That which sees yet seemeth blind ;
On the earth it may be found,
But the oftener under ground.
When this creature you have sought
And hold, the spell may be unwrought ;
If it can excel in flight
The Bat which comes forth every night
From the witch's knotted hair,
Where it hides from noontide glare.

When this flight is fairly won,
One-third of the Spell is done ;
Then this creature without fin
Or scales, a second race must win
'Gainst the fish, the potent witch
Keeps alive in seething pitch.
If this fish be beaten ever
In your underflowing river,
The witch's spell will then retain
But one charm for you to gain.

When the moon is bright and round,
Seek a space on upper ground

Where poor four-foot cannot see !
Where he creepeth awkwardly ;
There against the fleetest horse
He must run and win a course !
Be this well and featly done,
And the Lady's freedom's won !

Zuberghal had these hard conditions placed at the head of the couch on which the Princess was sleeping, and had vowed to reward with the Viceroyship of the Ruby Mines of Golconda, whoever among his subjects could find the means of fulfilling them.

Tinykin understood these doggerel rhymes by instinct as it were, and felt, he knew not why, that he was destined to be the happy means of restoring the lovely Princess to life again. Yet, he thought, what will that avail her if she be compelled to live in this cavern, away from her royal kindred and noble friends ? Better that she continue to sleep,

and know not the misfortune which has befallen her. At last, he thought he might make some conditions with the Gnome King which would be to his own benefit as well as to the happiness of the Princess.

Tinykin, therefore, made bold to say,—

“Most mighty Monarch of the World Underground, I recognise in that lovely sleeper, my good King’s daughter, and for whose loss he mourns night and day. His sorrow makes him unjust, and he keeps my innocent father in a noisome dungeon, with only rats and lizards for his companions.”

“Well,” replied the Gnome King, “all that you say is nothing to me. I have no sympathy with human suffering, although I am moved by human beauty.”

“Most mighty monarch,” said Tinykin, “I would say more, if permitted.”

The Gnome King nodded his head, graciously, and Tinykin proceeded :—

“I am convinced, O mighty monarch, that I am the creature destined to fulfil the hard conditions of the oracle, and I am prepared to make the venture.”

“You!” exclaimed the King, laughing heartily. “Why, you are round as a dumpling, and have neither wings to fly, nor a tail to steer, if you had them.”

“If, O mighty monarch,” said Tinykin, glad to see the King in such good humour, “if you will place at my service fifty of your best workmen, I will teach them how to make me a pair of wings; and then, when it is your royal pleasure to witness the experiment, I will fly round this vast cavern, I doubt not!”

The King laughed again, although he ordered

that fifty or a hundred of the most skilful artisans should place themselves at the disposal of Tinykin.

As the curiosity of the gnomes was aroused, they went to work with a good will, and in an hour or two had hammered out a thousand flakes of gold into a film much finer than that which covered the sleeping Princess. These flakes of film, they then welded together as Tinykin directed, and formed two bat-like wings that a breath could inflate, but so tough that they would resist the strongest pressure.

When these were completed, Tinykin ordered his workmen to make several bands of gold to go round his body, and to these he had the wings attached with still stronger bracelets, for his powerful wrists and ankles.

Being thus equipped, he desired the gnomes to carry him to a projecting rock, and then to cast

him off. He was obeyed, and instantly, to the surprise and admiration of the lookers-on, he flew through the air with all the strength and darting motion of the black ousel, whose form he had once assumed in the forest of Tilgate.

"And now, O mighty King," replied Tinykin, firmly, "I will undertake the release of the Princess from the power of her enchantment, if you will give me one promise?"

"What is it?"

"That should I restore the Princess to a state of consciousness, you will at once release her from your power, should she refuse to share your throne?"

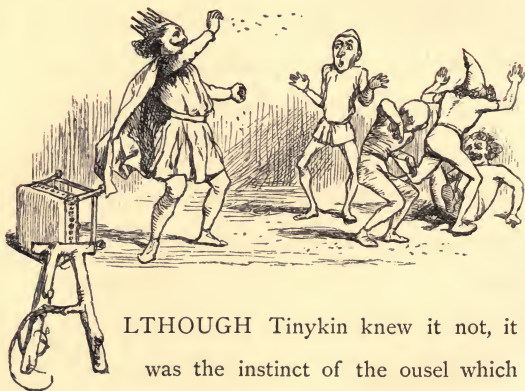
"Willingly! Zuberghal would not have a queen that did not covet her position."

"And for this I have your royal word, O mighty monarch!" said Tinykin.

"You have, and more," replied Zuberghal, his little eyes glowing like stars. "I promise you also, that if you fail in this adventure, you shall, as I am a king, be thrown into yonder burning crater."

"Agreed, sire!" said Tinykin, made bold, he knew not why; although the fate which awaited him in case of failure would have been very dreadful.

PART FIVE.



ALTHOUGH Tinykin knew it not, it was the instinct of the ousel which had made him think that he could fly, and rendered him bold enough to trust himself to his wings.

When the King of the Gnomes saw Tinykin's performance, he went into such ecstasies of delight,

that he made himself perfectly ridiculous. He pelted his nobles with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, and other precious stones; threw his lord chancellor's wig into the crater burning in the centre of the cavern (as he had promised to throw Tinykin); and made the chancellor himself turn flipflaps like a clown in a pantomime.

When he became rational again, he called his first minister of state, and ordered him to despatch a messenger to Sycorax with a challenge to match his flying mole against her celebrated black bat, and to hear was to obey in the court of King Zuberghal.

Sycorax was in one of her worst humours, when the gnome messenger arrived, as a certain dainty spirit, named Ariel, had that day been set free from bondage by one Prospero,

much against the will of the old witch. This message, however, of Zuberghal's pleased her so much (as she felt sure of an easy victory), that she made a horrible jibbering noise, which she called laughing. Then pulling her hideous elflocks about, she roused the black bat from his sleep, and ordered him to prepare for the contest.

This black bat was quite unlike the pretty, harmless creatures which fly about on summer evenings, catching their light supper of gnats and other winged insects. The black bat was coated with bristles, and its round yellow eyes glowed like burning brimstone. The tips of the ribs of his wings were like crab's claws, and kept opening and shutting, as though to declare the spiteful nature of the bat, and how he was longing to be nipping something.

When he heard of Zuberghal's challenge, he spread out his wings to their full, and flew round the cavern, which was then the abode of the witch, making the damp streaming on the roof and the walls glisten by the light of its terrible eyes.

"Tell Zuberghal, the fool," said Sycorax, in a screeching voice, "that I accept his challenge, and will be at his palace by midnight. If I am the winner, another fifty years of trance will be added to the sleep of the Princess. Away!"

The gnome messenger did not care to wait for a second bidding to go; for though he was far from beautiful himself, the ugliness of Sycorax made him ill to look upon her.

The fairy bells — they are called fox-gloves now — were ringing out midnight as Sycorax,

like a black cloud, swept through the air, until she came to the upper entrance to Zuberghal's



"Sycorax, like a black cloud."

palace underground, closely followed by her unsightly attendant, the bat.

King Zuberghal received her in full state, but the rude old witch only smiled scornfully, as though to say, "What do I care for all this fuss and show? I know I am ugly, and I am proud of it. All

this is done to make me and my pretty black bat appear to disadvantage—but we like being frightful and disagreeable.” The cavern was, as we have said, very spacious, and it was agreed that the course should be thrice round it, the King and Sycorax being the judges of the race.

If Sycorax had laughed when she heard the challenge of Zuberghal, she might now be said to have been in convulsions of merriment when a hundred gnomes bore the round little mole to the edge of the rock which was to be the starting place. But her laughter was of short duration when she saw with what skill and power Tinykin used his artificial wings, now allowing the black bat to approach quite close to him, and then darting away, just as the ousel flies from bush to bush.

The black bat began to suspect that he had

found his master, and resolved that if he could once get near enough to his antagonist, that he would with the claws, seize his opponent's wings, and rend them into holes.

Tinykin at last gave him the opportunity of putting this unfair jockeying into practice, but the hard gold of which the mole's wings were fashioned, resisted the black bat's nippers, and actually strained the ribs of his wings, rendering his defeat more easy. Tinykin now had the race all to himself, and not only kept ahead of his antagonist, but made several graceful motions in the air, that is, graceful for such a round, roley-poley figure as he was.

Sycorax was so mortified at her defeat, that she took her departure in great dudgeon, not waiting even to give her beaten favourite time to recover his breath, or to rest his overstrained wings.

Zuberghal was greatly delighted at the result of the race, but his pleasure was of short duration, as he remembered that only one of the three conditions for the disenchantment of the Princess had been accomplished.

Tinykin guessed from the expression of the King's face the subject of his thoughts, and said, therefore,—

“O mighty monarch, do not grieve that the third of the spell only is broken, by which my royal lady is kept unconscious of the presence of your majesty ; but send another herald to Sycorax, and challenge her demon fish to swim against me in the dark river which flows through this spacious cavern.”

Zuberghal, despite his despondency, laughed aloud at this proposal of the pink mole.

“You talk folly now !” replied the King, when

he could restrain his laughter sufficiently to speak.
“You are too much elated by your victory, and
have become boastful.”



“Zuberghal laughed aloud.”

“Not so, O mighty King !” replied Tinykin ; “you hardly trusted me when I asked to have wings, but you have seen I was able to outstrip in flight the black bat of Sycorax. I will also

defeat her ugly fish, if your workmen are again commanded to obey my orders.”

“Be it so !” said the Gnome King, and instantly, two hundred skilful workers listened to Tinykin’s orders.

“Make me,” he said, “a covering of filmy gold,

so perfectly hammered out, that no water can enter into it, nor air escape from it. It must be fastened to my hands and my feet, to which must be added scoops, whereby I can force myself through the water. Let two thin flakes of diamond or ruby be inserted for me to see through, and then, when I am encased, let me be placed on the edge of the stream."

The clever, industrious gnomes were instantly at work, and by the time the king's herald had delivered his challenge to Sycorax, Tinykin's swimming dress was completed.

The old witch was only too glad to have an opportunity of revenging her defeat, by obtaining what she thought would be an easy victory over any competitor which the hated Gnome King could bring against her demon fish. The black bat was almost too hideous to look at, but the horrible fish

which Sycorax now brought to contend against Tinykin made the blood run cold in his veins. He soon recovered his self-possession, and instinctively seemed to decide upon the course he should pursue.

"When the signal to start is given," he whispered to the gnomes in attendance upon him, "roll me into the river without a second's delay, as much of my success depends upon my obtaining the most trifling start of my opponent."

All promised to obey him.

Sycorax and her hideous fish were declared to be ready for the contest, and the Gnome King upraised his glittering sceptre as the signal for the competitors to be in readiness. When he should cast it down, they were to start; the course they were to swim being a quarter of a mile in length.

The sceptre fell from the King's hand, and before it quite touched the ground, Tinykin had been



"Tinykin rolled into the river."

rolled into the river. He used his scoops rapidly, and contrived to maintain the very slight advantage he had obtained at starting. It was well for him that he could do so, as the demon fish had the power (like the cuttle fish) to discharge with every motion of its fins a black liquid, which not only

darkened the waters, but made them almost unbearable from its pestiferous odour.

Tinykin, by some means unaccountable to himself, knew of this peculiarity of the demon fish, and was conscious therefore that if he did not maintain the lead, he should lose the race by not being able to discern the course.

Once again Tinykin was victorious, and as soon as he had passed the goal, he threw himself from the waters on to the strand. A number of gnomes instantly set to work to cut holes through the water-tight covering of the victor, and so admit a rush of fresh air, which was very welcome to the little mole.

The sound of trumpets, the shrill yelling of the assembled gnomes, proclaimed the triumph of Tinykin; and Zuberghal's joy was again made manifest by the most extravagant laughter and

gesticulations, which so enraged the defeated Sycorax, that she seized her demon fish, and cast it into the crater burning in the centre of the cavern. Instantly, a dense black smoke, smelling like the rankest pitch, rose out of the crater, nearly filling the cavern, and all were alarmed in case the noisome atmosphere it created might prove fatal to the sleeping Princess. But the King's officers who had charge of the ventilation of the palace were of great ability, and knew their business. In a moment a hundred outlets to the upper air were opened, the fire in the crater was made to burn with a bright lambent flame, and in a very short time all trace of Sycorax and the pother she had made had disappeared.

As two out of the three conditions of the spell which bound the beautiful Princess in sleep had been satisfied, Zuberghal commanded a great

festival to be held, and that all labour should cease for twenty-four hours. In a very short space of time, banqueting tables were erected in all parts of the spacious cavern, and soon.



"Banqueting tables."

covered with drinking cups and flagons of gold and silver, and a profusion of all the good things most acceptable to the gnomes and trolls. The King's tables were similarly furnished, but all the drinking vessels and dishes were made from precious stones and the purest gold.

Strains of peculiar music were heard succeeding each other, and numbers of accomplished dancers displayed their fantastic antics at appointed places.



"Strains of peculiar music, and accomplished dancers."

Ever since the pink mole had been an inmate of the Gnome King's palace, he had been plentifully supplied with the daintiest insects adapted to his transformed condition, but upon this occasion, many varieties which were entirely new to him, had been collected by special command of the King. Tinykin would have been perfectly

happy at the honours paid to him, had he not retained so much of his human nature as to be most anxious for the fate of the beautiful Princess; and his fear that, even should the last condition of the spell be broken, Zuberghal would not keep to his promise.

When the banquet was at its height, the great chamberlain of the palace was informed that a messenger from Sycorax demanded an audience.

The powerful witch had resolved to be the challenger, believing that she possessed an elfin horse that could outmatch in speed any four footed creature that existed on the earth or under ground. She had therefore challenged Zuberghal to contest the last condition of her spell.

The bright face of the Gnome King instantly grew dim (it was thus he became pale,) when he heard the message of the old witch, and as soon as

he could speak, he commanded the pink mole into his presence.



"He commanded the pink mole into his presence."

The little heart of Tinykin beat quickly when he heard that the last condition of the spell was to be contested, but some strange instinct made him assured that he should be able once more to gain the victory.

"Fear nothing, O mighty King," he said, boldly ; "accept the odious creature's challenge, but add these conditions : The course must be in the shape of a horse-shoe, and not less than a thousand paces in length ; it must be round a centre of rugged rocks at least a hundred paces in height, and the one which first reaches the goal shall be declared the winner. Can such a course be found, O mighty King ?"

"A million of trolls can make one in a night," replied Zuberghal, excited.

"Then, sire, accept the challenge of the witch, and leave the rest to me," answered the mole, boldly.

Sycorax accepted the proposal of the Gnome King, sneering as she did so ; and then having supped heartily of witches' broth, she went to her lair, made of all kinds of unsightly things, and slept.

In the meantime, Tinykin, having obtained the King's permission to do whatever he pleased, ordered the same skilful workers as had equipped him before, to make four slender stilts of gold, each having a hollow hoof as it were, and then he went to sleep until the work was done. He was awakened as he had desired, and the four stilts were fastened, with bands of gold, firmly to his little hands and feet. When this had been done he trotted across the cavern and announced to the Gnome King that he was ready to depart for the singular race-course he had suggested should be prepared.

The Gnome King and his court soon passed through the earth, followed by a long train of attendants, some of them bearing the little pink mole and his golden stilts.

The million of trolls had done their work

famously, and Sycorax had already arrived at the starting-point with the elfin horse.

Leaving the starting of the competitors in the race to some of the King's officers and trustworthy familiars of the witch, Zuberghal and Sycorax made their way at once to the goal.

The elfin horse was the most beautiful creature of its kind ever seen, and had been stolen by the powerful witch and kept for three years in a sort of cage, every bar having been made under a spell, which defied all the efforts of the elves to break. Sycorax had promised the elfin horse its liberty if it should prove the winner of the race ; and thus stimulated she thought there could be no doubt of the result.

In due time the word to "go" was given, and though the pace of both the racers was good, the elfin horse soon outstripped the mole. When the

sound of the mole's golden hoofs ceased to reach the ears of the horse, the little fellow slackened his pace, and as he saw nothing of his rival, he pulled up, and tempted by the sweet herbage growing at the foot of the rocks, he could not resist taking a mouthful or two, as a long time had passed since he had tasted such food. He then cantered on quietly again, and once more looking round he was surprised not to see his antagonist, who was possibly hidden by the curve of the course. A spring cast its bright waters down the rocks, and the elfin horse could not pass it by without drinking of the cold delicious stream; for three years he had only known the pitchy water flowing through the cave of Sycorax!

He did not pause more than a minute, and then went on at a smart canter. The next bend of the course brought him in sight of the goal, and then,

to his utmost dismay, he saw the pink mole within a hundred strides of the winning-post.



“The elfin horse drinking at the cold stream.”

Like an arrow from a bow the elfin horse dashed forward! But the effort was made too late—the pink mole was at the goal before him!

Terrified at the probable consequence of his defeat, the poor little horse turned sharply round, and galloped at his utmost speed out of the sight

of Sycorax. But she was too exasperated at her own defeat—her loss of power over the entranced Princess—the triumph of her enemy the Gnome King—to regard the elfin horse; and mounting into the air, muttering fearful and wicked words as she went, Sycorax returned to her horrible home, where she continued for a short time longer to work nothing but wickedness.

Had Tinykin never been a dappled fawn, he would not have known that some of his race had the power of climbing the steepest rocks, their hollow hoofs giving them secure foothold. His golden hoofs had been so formed, and by their aid he was enabled to cross the rugged rock in the centre of the course, and by that artifice reach the goal before the fairy horse.

The Gnome King and his court hastened back

to the royal cavern underground, and the first thought of all was the beautiful Princess.

The scroll over her head was rent, and the characters which had been upon it were completely obliterated.

The Princess herself was sitting up on her couch, seemingly lost in wonder, but at the sight of the Gnome King, then transformed into his human shape, she uttered a loud scream, and hid her beautiful face on the pillow.

Zuberghal understood at once that all his hopes of gaining the affection of the beautiful Princess were at end; that she remembered him as he appeared to her in the forest before Sycorax had enchanted her, and that his presence was alarming to her.

His nature not being human, his disappointment, therefore, did not give him much concern, and in a

few minutes he cared nothing for one on whose account he had taken so much trouble.

Zuberghal did not desire, however, to have the pink mole any longer at his court, to remind him of his rejection by the Princess ; so having repeated his promise to restore the Princess to her father, he dismissed the little pink mole, who suddenly found himself once more in the fairy glade, close by the sleeping form of Tinykin, the son of Thomas the Verderer, and Margaret his wife.

The sun had risen and set but twice since the pink mole started on its travels, although to the transformed weeks had seemingly passed.

Titania had been very anxious for the return of her pretty lad, fearing that ill would come to his unconscious' form ; but she had strewn over and around it the health-restoring flowers which had

been of such benefit on former occasions, so that he awoke, as it were, from a refreshing sleep. As he sat up, leaning on one hand, he seemed to recall a strange dream, in which he had been a principal actor. He remembered that he had been engaged in some contests which had had reference to the discovery of the beautiful Princess, who had disappeared so strangely, and for a minute or two his heart beat quickly with the hope that it was to be his good fortune to restore her to the King, and so effect the liberation of his father. But he soon remembered it was only a dream, and he sighed deeply to think it was so.

He had been occupied with his thoughts so completely, as not to notice the pretty fairy standing at his side, smiling upon him more sweetly than ever. Tinykin started when he observed her, and his face showed how delighted he was to see her.

"I am glad you are pleased to look upon me once again, dear Tinykin, and you shall not regret that you have known me," said Titania, in a small, sweet voice. "You have been dreaming, you fancy ; but it was not all a dream. The beautiful Princess shall be restored to her friends, and by your means. But there is no time to lose, as the captive lady is subject to hunger and thirst, and if she remain much longer in her present prison, she will suffer from both."

"Yes, in her prison underground," replied Tinykin, thoughtfully. "The ugly creature I saw has not kept his promise, then?"

"Yes, he has ; the Princess is now in Tilgate Forest. Arise, follow me, and I will show you her prison."

Tinykin arose, and as he did so, he became aware of a great change in his appearance. His

jerkin of tanned deerskin was now of thick velvet, with strappings of gold. His hose, hitherto of coarse linen, bound about his legs with leathern thongs, were of broadcloth, fastened to his jerkin with points tipped with gold also; and for his wooden clouts he had velvet shoes, such as only the nobles and gentry wore. His cap, which Margery had made out of the skin of a wild cat, was now of the softest felt, with a hawk's feather fastened on one side by a small brooch of agate. His baldrick was of gold chain work, his bugle of gold, and his woodman's knife was changed into a short hunting-sword.

So wonder-struck was he at this marvellous change in his outward appearance, that he began to think he was still dreaming, until Titania spoke again:

“When you have ended admiring yourself, my

dear Tinykin, follow me, and complete your adventure." Then with a bound she leaped over the



"With a bound she leaped over the stream."

stream which separated them from the forest, and Tinykin did not hesitate a moment to follow her.

As if by magic, they were soon in the centre of the forest, and Tinykin's heart beat quickly at the sight of the horrid shapes which the trees and rocks assumed for a moment, and then returned to their natural forms again. This was the work of Sycorax, but her power to do further ill to the Princess or to Tinykin, was impotent against the protective influence of the Fairy Queen. At last they came to a huge, knotted oak, which might have sprung from the soil left by the Great Flood.

"That is the prison of the Princess," said Titania. "Knock, and you will hear her voice."

With the hilt of his hunting-sword Tinykin struck three hard blows, and then, to his great joy, he heard the voice of the Princess say from within :

"Whoever you are, hasten to release me from this terrible place! I am Udiga, the daughter of the King of the West Saxons, and I will reward you!"

"Fear nothing, royal lady," said Tinykin; "I am Uluf, the son of Thomas, the King's Verderer. Be patient for

awhile, until I can gather our woodmen to make an opening into the tree."



"With the hilt of his sword, Tinykin struck three hard blows."

Tinykin then sounded the golden bugle hanging at his side, blowing the notes his father was used to sound on his cow's horn to call his verderers to him.

The woodmen at work in different parts of the forest heard and recognised the well-remembered sounds. Following the direction whence they came, they soon surrounded Tinykin, whom they at first did not know, owing to the splendour of his attire, until they heard his familiar voice, ordering them to cut at once through the bark of the great oak. For a time the gnarled mass resisted the axes, turning the edges of some, and causing others to fly from their stocks. But Titania (who was unseen by all but Tinykin) stamped her little foot upon the ground, and then there rose at the feet of Uluf an axe made of such tempered steel, that at the first blow he gave, the armour of the oak was cleft deeply.

Another and another blow widened the rent, and then some of the most stalwart of the woodmen



“For a time the gnarled mass resisted the axes.”

plied their axes with a will, until an opening had been made large enough to allow the Princess to walk forth without stooping.

Whilst the work had been in progress, Tinykin had been thoughtful enough to dispatch a messenger to the King (who had had a royal lodge

built on the borders of the forest) to announce to him the discovery of the Princess ; and when that beautiful and beloved one stepped forth from her prison, it was to see her doating father and mother, with many nobles of their court, hastening towards her.

Her filial love made her for a time forgetful of her deliverer, but when she had satisfied her affection by kissing her parents a thousand times, she said, in a voice as sweet as the sweetest music :

“But where is he to whom I owe my deliverance?”

“Stand forth!” exclaimed the King ; “and receive our royal thanks and royal bounty.”

With modest step Uluf advanced towards the King. His graceful figure well became the elegant dress he wore, and none who saw him suspected his humble origin.

The beautiful Princess looked on him for a minute, and then her lovely face became red with blushes, and the lids of her eyes, fringed with long lashes, closed together. The King and Queen were also much struck by the appearance of the graceful youth who had rendered them such a great service.

"You are welcome, noble gentleman," said the King. "Your reward awaits you at the hands of our treasurer ; and if our daughter can decide in your favour, the other conditional promise for her rescue shall not be denied you."

"I am too humble, most generous King," replied Uluf, gracefully, "to put our gracious Princess to the question. To have rescued her would have been happiness and reward enough, but I am too poor to refuse in part the great reward proclaimed as guerdon for the discovery of the noble lady : and if I might be bold enough to ask a boon of

your majesty, I would entreat the pardon of my poor father, Thomas the Verderer."

"Poor Thomas!" said the King. "My grief made me unjust; let him be liberated instantly. We will ennoble him, and give him the fair forest of Tilgate as a recompense for his wrongs suffered at our hands."

All the court gave three lusty shouts in approval of the King's magnanimity. Uluf drew nearer to the King, and was about to kneel as though to embrace his feet.

"Not so, my noble Uluf! Stand up, and put my daughter to the question. You have won the right to do so."

But Udiga hid her beautiful face in her mother's bosom; the blushes which covered her fair round neck and beautiful shoulders showing how her heart was beating.

The Queen was a noble lady, and valued a man for his own gallant deeds rather than for his in-



"Uluf drew nearer to the King."

heritance of the fame of his ancestors, and in a few earnest words she urged her daughter to accept the newly ennobled Uluf.

The beautiful Princess gently raised her head,

and having looked at Uluf with her eyes filled with love, she held forth her hand to him, saying, almost in a whisper :

“ My husband ! ”

This was the last of Tinykin's transformations, as he never forgot that to be truly noble he must act nobly ; and it was not until the great redistribution of the kingdoms of England took place, that his descendants ceased to reign over the West Saxons.

The fairies held high festival that night in the fairy glade in Tilgate Forest, which was lighted up by a myriad of glow-worms. The fairy bells of the foxglove rang joyously throughout the night ; the little stream sang more melodiously than ever ; and all the nightingales within hearing of it, strained their tuneful throats to outrival it.

The fairies are said to have left us for good and aye ; but there are some pretty creatures as beautiful as the fairies could possibly have been, often to be seen haunting the margin of Katrine Lake in Tilgate Forest, and playing under the green oaks of Brantridge Park.



"Fairy bells of the foxglove."

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